

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2529.—VOL. XCI.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



Volunteer.

Mayflower.

Thistle.

YACHT-RACE FOR THE AMERICA CUP: TRIAL-RACE (SEPT. 16) BETWEEN THE AMERICAN YACHTS MAYFLOWER AND VOLUNTEER, THE THISTLE IN COMPANY.

WHITBY AND FILEY.

Of the larger watering-places on the Yorkshire coast Whitby is, I think, by far the most attractive. The position of the old town, with its red-tiled roofs, at the junction of sea and river, is singularly picturesque. The quaintness of the narrow streets, the odd way in which houses are perched above houses on both sides of the river, until the summit of the cliffs is reached, the strange corners and curiously winding ways up stairs and down, the fishing-boats in the harbour, the busy stream of life upon the quay, the fine ruins of the Abbey on the hill, of which Sir W. Scott sings in "Marmion," and the old parish church standing hard by, which is reached by an ascent of nearly two hundred steps—all combine to form a view that can scarcely be praised too highly. Look down on Whitby from the heights, or look up to it from the pier and you will see that the old town, if it do not charm all senses, is infinitely pleasing to the eye. From a sanitary point of view it is no doubt open to objection. When the tide is low the smell from the mud banks is not grateful. Much as the artist may admire the way in which the houses are wedged together, or pitched against the cliff-side, from many of them air and sunshine, the first necessities of life, seem to be almost wholly excluded. Yet Whitby is probably one of the most bracing spots in the kingdom; but it is not the Whitby of fishermen and sailors, of merchandise and traffic.

Mount the West Cliff and the scene is wholly changed. That cliff is covered with houses of the ordinary seaside type, mostly without beauty, but full of comforts and conveniences. There is the Royal Hotel, and there are the terraces and crescents, with their numberless windows facing the sea. Unfortunately the view is not unobstructed. The entire seafloor, as far as the houses extend, at present is occupied by the saloon and grounds formed, according to the guide book, by Sir George Elliot, "as a means of conducing to the prosperity of the town." How that can be secured by this appropriation of ground that should be free to everyone it is difficult to say, and the barren ugliness of the inclosure is a disgrace to the town. From the lower rooms of all the best houses on the West Cliff the view is only visible through iron railings, at least 6 ft. in height. Iron bars, says an old poet, do not make a cage; but these bars have the exact appearance of cages, and one is almost inclined to look for the wild beasts on the opposite side. Here, in a parenthesis, I may say that the pretty cliff gardens at Filey are enclosed also; but the gates are always open, and, as all the lodging-house keepers subscribe to them, they are practically free to everyone. At Whitby even a householder's ticket does not admit visitors, and they who wish for admittance within the bars must pay sixpence per day for the privilege! I confess I prefer the freedom of the cliffs and of the open country. And what a country it is for variety and expanse! The tourist can scarcely go wrong, and people who are not good pedestrians can reach many of the loveliest spots by train or carriage.

Whitby, as all the world knows, is famous for the manufacture of jet, and jet shops abound; it is also notable for its fisheries; but just now, from what cause I know not, they are far from prosperous, and there is said to be a great deal of destitution in the winter season. Yet there are signs of wealth in the place; and a noble church on the west cliff, now approaching completion, might be the pride of any town in the kingdom.

About eight miles from Whitby, in one direction, is Goathland, a station that lands the traveller at once upon the moors. There is a good inn here, at which, if he have walked from Whitby, he may "rest and be thankful" before wandering, as he can then do to his heart's content, over the wild moorland that spreads in every direction above the little village. In the old coach-days, the turnpike road from Pickering to Whitby stretched across these moors, and the line is still distinctly marked; but the broad surface is now covered with short grass. Scenery of this kind needs, I think, sunshine and blue sky. Amid the pitiless storms of winter it must be desolate in the extreme, and, when the snow has fallen, as perilous as it is lonesome. And yet Nature is glad or sad according to our mood in looking at her, and there are times, as anyone roused to strong emotion must have felt, when the mind instinctively turns to what is wild and sombre. Do not imagine, however, that all the moorland round Goathland has this character. There are lovely spots there of rural beauty, and nooks in which it would be delicious to dream away a long day of summer.

As a contrast to the general character of the moorland, the tourist should turn his steps in the opposite direction, and roam as he may for some miles through the woods of Mulgrave Castle, which are also accessible by carriages. I spent in those woods one of the loveliest of September days; but to grow familiar with their beauty would need long days or weeks. On returning, I loitered for an hour at the tiny seaside village of Sandsend, with its twin streamlets running over the stones through green meadow land, and its swelling hills rising up, as it were, to guard and shelter the pleasant hamlet. In the cottage gardens men and women were picking the ripe apples; outside the school, the children, let loose for play, were shouting merrily; a man, with pails of water, was crossing the stream on stepping-stones; and at the door of a pretty cottage that, from its position, embraced all the loveliness of the scene, stood a happy-looking mother with her babe. I confess I felt far more inclined to linger here than in the woods of Mulgrave Castle adjacent; partly, perhaps, because those woods, lovely though they be, are regarded as one of the lions of Whitby, a show place accessible by ticket; and chiefly because the delicious bit of nature I found at Sandsend came to me as a discovery, and without a note of admiration from the guide writer. There is a little inn at Sandsend which, like most village inns in Yorkshire, is clean and cosy. In all of them the tourist will find home-made bread, such as is not to be obtained in our southern counties. In Sussex hamlets the bread is almost invariably bad; in Yorkshire it is always good. Yorkshire is, indeed, a pleasant country for the pedestrian, who is sure to be received at the smallest hostelry with a kindly welcome and to find a comfortable bed.

Six miles from Whitby, on the coast running south, is Robin Hood's Bay, a favourite spot for artists and excursionists. Like some other villages on this coast—Runswick, for example—the red-tiled houses run down the narrow street of the village so precipitously that, from some points, they appear as though they were resting one upon the other. It is a romantic spot, no doubt; but I was not so pleased with it as I expected to be. Down the steep street runs a dirty stream, which, from the smell, is, I suspect, little better than a sewer. Beautiful as the bay is, there are no indications that the inhabitants appreciate it, for most of the houses turn their faces from the sea. But in every direction some quaint architectural feature will attract the eye; and when the tide is high, the seascape is magnificent. "A famous man was Robin Hood"; and here, if we may trust tradition, he performed some of his feats of archery. And how can we doubt it, since, at Hawsker, a few miles away, may be still seen two upright stones marking the spot which the arrows reached which Robin and Little John shot from the tower of Whitby Priory. The country about the Bay is beautiful, and, as there is a capital inn, it may be

made a good centre for pedestrian excursions. Tourists who cannot walk and climb should not come to Robin Hood's Bay, since the only vehicle that can be hired is a butcher's cart.

And now it is time to say a few words about Filey, the happy playground of children, the happy hunting-field of the naturalist. At low water five miles of hard, smooth sand invite also the equestrian; but there is one obstacle to his enjoyment—the lack of saddle-horses. Many are the advantages of Filey. It boasts a first-class and admirably-managed hotel, containing, I believe, more than a hundred beds and fourteen or fifteen private sitting-rooms. Families come hither in the season and remain for weeks together, and, considering the shortness of the Filey season, the hotel charges are not high. Then, for folk who like fishing or sailing, the large flat-bottomed boats in use here, as at Scarborough, give a sense of security not always felt in the slighter pleasure-boats used on our southern coast. No doubt these eastern seas are more dangerous and require better seamanship. "I ought to understand a boat," a boatman said to me, "for my father and three brothers were drowned in this bay." The argument was conclusive, and I engaged him forthwith. The great want of Filey is a harbour, and in stormy weather the poor fishermen have a hard time of it. The inland scenery within a short drive or walk of Filey is not very attractive; but the beauty of the coast scenery and of the valleys running down to the shore is exhaustless. The place is small and, with the exception of musical instruments, and that of all sorts, quiet; and if people at any time find it dull (they must, I think, be dull people if they do) a half hour's run by train will land them at Scarborough, which, next to Brighton, is the busiest and liveliest watering-place in the kingdom. Altogether, Filey is a spot to be remembered, and to be revisited. Indeed, its quiet charms are not likely to be felt by the casual visitor, for—

You must know them, ere to you
They will seem worthy of your love.

And the casual sight of scenery does not give us a knowledge of it. J. D.

THE GREAT AMERICAN YACHT-RACE.

The sailing contest between the British champion yacht Thistle and the American champion yacht Volunteer, for the "America" Challenge Cup, has been decided in favour of the Volunteer, winning two races, successively, of three which were allowed. The races took place on Tuesday and Friday last week, near the entrance to New York harbour. The course of the first race, starting from the Owl's Head, just below Bay Ridge, proceeding through the Narrows to the South-west Spit, and round the buoys there, to the outside of Sandy Hook light-ship, a distance of twenty miles, thence returning by the same course to a buoy off Fort Wadsworth. On the Tuesday, with a light westerly breeze, the American sloop beat the Thistle by nineteen minutes, the race occupying nearly five hours; and with the time allowance agreed for difference of size, it was estimated that the Volunteer had won by eight minutes. In the second race, on the Friday, with a strong wind from the east, the course was twenty miles to windward, north-east from the Scotland light-ship, outside of Long Island, and back. The Volunteer gained much in beating to windward, and though in returning, with the wind, the Thistle recovered somewhat of what she had lost, the final result was a second victory for the Volunteer, which completed the race eleven minutes before the Thistle. The Volunteer belongs to General Paine, was built by a Boston yacht-builder, and was commanded by Captain J. Haff. The Thistle was built at Glasgow, by Mr. Watson, for Mr. James Bell and other owners, and was commanded by Captain Barr. Mr. Sweet, with another gentleman, a member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, has accepted the challenge of the New York Yacht Club to contend for the America Cup next year; and it is said that a new yacht, a cutter, to be constructed of steel, will be built on the Clyde, from Mr. Watson's design, for that occasion.

The choice of the Volunteer, from among the yachts belonging to members of the New York Yacht Club, to maintain the American championship this year against the Thistle, was decided on the 16th ult. by a sailing-match between the Volunteer and the Mayflower, over the Sandy Hook course, which is the subject of our illustration. The Volunteer performed the distance in nineteen minutes less time than the Mayflower, being three miles ahead at the finish. The Thistle accompanied the race, steering a rather different course.

On distributing prizes to successful students at the Hanley School of Art on Thursday week, Lord Wolseley observed that, in the case of all great peoples, they were in their highest vigour when their art and literature flourished most.

Mr. Henry Irving was entertained at dinner by the members of the Arts Club in Manchester on Thursday week, and, in replying to the toast of his health, recalled some of the incidents of his first appearance on the stage of that city twenty-seven years ago. He again advocated the establishment by the municipalities of theatres in every populous town.

The Leeds Town Council have decided, by a majority of five votes, to apply for powers to construct two lines of tramways from the centre of the town to Roundhay Park, a distance of three miles. The estimated cost is £20,000. A proposition to construct a railway was lost by a majority of two.

The committee of the Kyrle Society have issued a circular pointing out that the majority of the commons contiguous to the metropolis have been preserved and placed under proper management as open spaces. There are outlying commons still to be put beyond the risk of inclosure, and parks and gardens to be formed where no commons exist. The committee urge, however, that when all that is practicable has been done, the open spaces preserved for London will be shorn of much of their value if they are approached only through miles of close-built streets or dusty roads. Under those circumstances, the committee recommend that a systematic effort should be made to preserve the lanes and field-paths which still exist in the suburbs of the metropolis, especially such as form a means of access to commons, village greens, public parks, and other open spaces; and the object of the circular issued is to procure local assistance in collecting the materials necessary for the scheme.

By direction of the Kent Archaeological Society excavations are being made in the neighbourhood of the ruins of Richborough Castle with a view to discover if any foundations of buildings can be detected outside the walls of the castrum, where the growing corn exhibits traces of roads or streets at right angles. These streets have been laid bare, and found to be composed of pebble roads, and the adjoining grounds have been trenched. Only slight traces of wall foundations have been met with, but everywhere there are traces of fire and destruction of Roman buildings. Nothing of value or importance has been met with, except two legible brass coins and three other portions of metal, so named on account of their small size, and belonging to the latest periods of Roman rule in Britain. Many portions of pottery of all descriptions have been met with, and quantities of burnt wheat, some of which appeared stored in Roman amphorae. The work is being carried on under the direction of Mr. G. Dowker, F.S.A.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is to be hoped that we have attained sufficient sense to ensure that we shall never again wear trained dresses in the streets. Happily, there is not the least token of the revival of so inconvenient and unsanitary a practice; but for indoor wear trains are decidedly "coming in." This, it may be thought, augurs a return of the same impedimenta for the street costume; but this is not so, for the style of the indoor dresses thus completed is one in which it would be quite improper to walk, or even to drive. The tea-gown has, in fact, extended its empire. It has conquered the earlier hours of the day, and, under the title of "morning gown," is worn until the tailor-made costume is donned for the walk before lunch, or the silk or fine cloth dress is put on for the afternoon drive.

The material of a morning gown must not be quite so smart as that of a tea-gown. Rich-coloured plush, beaded net, or delicate-tinted soft silks would not be suitable for the duties of the early part of the day. The material of the morning-gown must be simple—cashmere, spotted or striped surah in dark colours, foulard, plain velveteen trimmed with a small check or other fancy silk, canvas, satin cloth, or similar well-draping soft woollen stuff trimmed with lace, or some such sensible and useful fabric. The style of make, however, is precisely that of the more gorgeous robe long familiar as the tea-gown. It is extremely comfortable for indoor wear, and is invaluable to ladies not in perfect health. The back is cut all in one piece, whether *en princesse* or with a Watteau pleat from the shoulders, and forms a moderately long train. The front is made rather loosely. To have such a dress fitting rigidly would be entirely to throw away its special characteristics. Often the front is one long piece of soft material, draped from neck to feet without sloping, and held in place at the waist with a ribbon band and buckle. Even if there be a definite shaped front, it is only loosely sloped to the figure, and is half covered with falling ribbon loops from the collar, or is relieved with waterfalls of lace down each side. Similarly, the trained back is cut to fold under at the waist, or to form a Watteau pleat, to give fullness, and a small cushion is inserted; but there are no back steels or even strings. Indeed, comfort is the leading idea of these sensible indoor dresses, which are really luxurious to sit about in, and very fashionable.

Tea-gowns, to wear after returning from the walk or drive while taking afternoon tea, are made so elaborately and handsomely that they are often worn on for the home dinner and through the evening. "The Red Lamp," at the Haymarket, is one of the best-dressed plays put upon the stage lately; and in the second and third acts, which are supposed to take place in the evening, after "The Red Lamp" is lighted, both the heroine and Miss Marion Terry are seen wearing tea-gowns of handsome design. The Princess has one of black velvet, with a white silk draped front; while her step-daughter's is pearl-grey silk, cut *en princesse* at the back, and rather like a loose jacket above a skirt in front, and trimmed with steel embroidery. Now, it is obvious that gowns such as these cannot be worn out of one's own house; but indoors, dresses of this class may practically be worn all day with perfect propriety, even to receive visitors, or to take dinner with only a family party; and the comfort of being without steels, dress "improvers," and tightly-stretched bodices, will be appreciated by all who try it.

The hair is still dressed on the top of the head, and the use on the head of tall bows, feathers, combs, and other high decorations becomes more general every week. Combs are sold so twisted on their stems as, when put into the hair, to stand perfectly upright above the coils. A handsome ornament just sent over from Paris is a silver comb, the front turned up from the teeth with a short row of points, each of which is tipped with a diamond; a series of slender silver stems rises up behind and above this, aigrette fashion, a diamond finishing off the tip of each; and a tiny white ostrich feather is fitted into a clip at the back of the comb, so that it forms a snowy upright background for the silver and diamond aigrette. I have lately seen in the shops some tiny flat combs not more than three inches long, exactly like those which our grandmothers called "side combs"; the tops of them are studded with jewels of an inexpensive but effective kind, as small rubies, tiny pearls, and turquoises. These jewelled combs are used to draw up the short hairs at the back of the head and fix them into the coils on the top, the jewelled portion of the comb gleaming prettily as it is laid close to the head at the back of the crown. Rumour says that the inevitable "new idea" in hair-dressing for the coming winter is to have a single curl hanging down the back; but I have not yet seen this actually worn.

The Hindoo lady, Ramabai, who has become known by her protests against the legal enforcement by English judges, and through English prisons, of her marriage, made without her consent when she was a little child, has published this week a long appeal to English sympathies on behalf of Hindoo widows. The position of these unfortunate women is a very bitter one. Having been married, as a rule, while still children, and frequently to men very much older than themselves, a large proportion of the widows have been wives only in name, and many of the remainder are still quite young, and have a long future existence to anticipate. The life which they are compelled to lead—condemned to eternal widowhood, in which state they are scorned as beings accursed, their heads shaven, frequent fasts required from them, and all the coarse and laborious work thrown on them—is one of which they may well be weary, and must wish that they were dead. The fact is that in India we see the state of special suffering that results from a partial reform. Transitional conditions are always occasions of suffering. The English laws forbidding murder have been applied to stop the practice of suttee, which solved many difficulties; but the English laws refusing to recognise the legality of child-marriage, and permitting second wedlock after widowhood, have not been, as they should have been, coincidentally made the law of the land in India. These are the causes of the sad condition of the multitude of young widows in that land. Were they removed the number of widows would be greatly diminished. It might not be discreet or even possible for the English law to endeavour to forcibly prevent infant marriage and widow torture, but at least our administration of English law should not recognise the legality of these things, and aid the priests to enforce them by imprisonment of the recalcitrant.

The purpose of Ramabai's letter is to appeal for subscriptions for a house in Poona for Hindoo widows. Subscriptions towards this will be received by Miss Manning, of the National Indian Association, Blomfield-road, Maida-hill. Of course, the lightening of ever so small a portion of a great load of human misery is worth attempting. But I never heard of a case in which it was more clear that palliative efforts to relieve suffering are of trifling consequence beside attacks upon the root of the evil. The number of widows who can be relieved in such an institution is so small compared to the total, and it is so certain that the best and noblest of that class will continue to endure patiently the immolation which they are taught to believe that their social and religious duty requires them to submit to, that little is to be hoped from the project, by comparison with the result that may be expected from reforming our laws in relation to the Hindoo women and their marriages. F. F. M.

THE RECESS.

The "voice of wisdom," as Lord Beaconsfield interpreted it, is still silent. The Italian Prime Minister may hurry-scurry to Germany to cement the alliance between the German Empire, Italy, and Austria in consultation with Prince Bismarck, and thus afford material for a nine days' wonder; but there is something Molke-like in the unruffled quiet with which the Marquis of Salisbury directs the affairs of England from his chalet near Dieppe. In the welcome seclusion of his French retreat, the Premier mayhap finds time to forge some of those ironic bolts he flings so dextrously at the heads of his political antagonists.

Lord Salisbury, meanwhile, may with reason be satisfied with Mr. Chamberlain's trenchant championship of the Government policy, and the co-operation of the "Liberal Unionists" with the Ministry. Mr. Chamberlain's speech to his constituents in the Birmingham Townhall on the 29th ult. had, at least, the merit of being outspoken; and it was noteworthy that the vote of confidence in him was passed by the large majority of the meeting, only a small minority of less than two hundred voting for a hostile amendment. He neatly answered a recent letter from Mr. Gladstone by saying, "He ought to be grateful to Birmingham for having helped to destroy Bills which, by the confession of the Gladstonians themselves, could not have been satisfactory." The right hon. gentleman directly challenged Mr. Gladstone to produce his renovated plan for Irish Home Rule. But Mr. Chamberlain is plainly for an English Session next year; Ireland having to be satisfied with a measure, if the Government should have one ready, "to secure the abolition of dual ownership without pledging British credit." As for the "scotched" snake of Parliamentary "obstruction," it could be soon killed—by dispensing with the "arbitrary majority of 200" at present required to enforce the Closure, and by increasing the penalties for wilful disregard of the authority of the Chair. The way thus cleared, he looked for a comprehensive measure of popular local self-government next Session; and he emphatically pointed out the necessity of introducing a Bill to ensure "greater security against loss of life at sea." No Irish question ought to prevent Parliament from making a determined effort to diminish the terrible loss of life at sea. Altogether, it was a statesmanlike address.

Lord Wolverton is twitted with following the example of the Primrose League in offering prandial inducements to the people to flock to Templecombe, near Salisbury, on Saturday last, to hearken unto the Home Rule pleadings of Mr. John Morley. There was an immense gathering; and Mr. Morley's smart retorts against Mr. Chamberlain, and his condemnation of the Ministry for the Mitchelstown action of the police, and for their "coercion" policy generally, were apparently vociferously applauded.

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright continue their oral and literary duel. On Wednesday, it happened that Mr. Gladstone's latest deliverance on the Irish question was, in a manner, replied to by a published philippic from Mr. Bright. Offering the hospitality of Hawarden Castle to the deputation which presented him with a damson-coloured Kidderminster carpet, Mr. Gladstone took the opportunity to "improve the occasion" in this fashion:—"Having a very fervent conviction that I am engaged in a cause of the most vital importance to the welfare alike of the Throne and the nation, it is a particular pleasure to me that this carpet should be made of wool which represents on the one side her Majesty, and on the other side the skill and industry of the subjects of her Majesty." Mr. Gladstone cheerfully spoke of his "smashing defeat" of last year, and as cheerily intimated that he would gladly support the present Government in any endeavour they might make to solve the difficulty of Irish administration. What he designated as the Liberal "Cave" came in for light attack. But the right hon. gentleman clearly reserves himself for his formal autumn utterances until the great Liberal meeting at Nottingham on the 18th inst.

Now for a quotation from Mr. Bright's pungent letter. It was written from Melrose on Sunday to a Derbyshire "Liberal Unionist" and contained the following scathing sentences:—

I supported the acts of Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1881 and in 1882 to put down the Land League and the disorder in Ireland. I now support the Government in their endeavour to suppress the rebel movement of the National League, which is the Land League under another name. My sympathy for Ireland was not born of faction and in a struggle for office and pay and power; it was strong (as it is now) thirty years ago, before Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley, and their noisy followers, had a word to say in favour of the Irish tenantry, or of the sufferings of any portion of the Irish people. That sympathy is not lessened in my mind, but is strengthened by recent events. We have delivered the Irish tenant from all that was unjust and oppressive in laws affecting his tenure of land. What more is needful, or most needful, is to set him free from the wicked conspiracy which is leading him to dishonesty and to crime.

The speeches of Mr. Asquith and other Liberals at the Ipswich conference on Wednesday put the action of Mr. Gladstone and his associates in a more amiable light than appears to shine at Melrose.

The Duke of Cambridge made his half-yearly inspection of the troops in Colchester garrison on Tuesday, and on Wednesday those in Chatham garrison.

The Lady Mayoress (Lady Hanson) will hold her final receptions at the Mansion House on the afternoons of Tuesday, Oct. 18 and Nov. 1, from three to six o'clock.

The closing session of the Shorthand Congress was held last Saturday morning, and several papers were read and discussed. A standing committee was appointed to prepare long-hand contractions for MSS. for printers, and a committee was nominated to have the subject of a future Congress in charge.

A popular demonstration was held in Hyde Park on Monday to protest against the system favoured by certain Continental countries of paying bounties on the sugar exported thence, to the detriment of the British sugar industries. Six open waggons served as platforms, and resolutions in favour of countervailing duties on bounty-fed sugar were passed.

A General Order by the Commander-in-Chief, issued on Monday, confers the silver medal for meritorious service upon Regimental Sergeant-Major Rees Isaacs, late 21st Hussars; Quartermaster-Sergeant Foster Parsons, late 1st Battalion 4th Foot; Quartermaster-Sergeant Thomas Tully, late 2nd Battalion 4th Foot; Sergeant-Major James Kelly, late 41st Foot; and Quartermaster-Sergeant James Holt, late 51st Foot.

The marriage of Lady Gwendolen Chaplin, widow of Colonel Edward Chaplin, and second daughter of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, with Major Archibald Cosmo Little, 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, A.D.C., eldest son of General Sir Archibald Little, K.C.B., took place in St. Michael's Church, Chester-square, on Tuesday afternoon. Captain Malcolm O. Little, 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers, was best man to his brother. Lady Gwendolen entered the church with her mother, the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury, punctually at half-past two, and proceeded at once to the chancel, and took her place by the side of the bridegroom before the Communion-table. The service, which was partly choral, was then performed by the Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D., Vicar of St. Michael's, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Lady Gwendolen being given away by her mother.

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

Although many artists have not as yet sent in their contributions, the collection of pictures which the Council of the Royal Institute Art Union has gathered together, and which was opened to the public at the beginning of this week, already amounts to nearly five hundred paintings and drawings. The object of the Art Union, according to the statement published by the promoters, is the advancement of water-colour drawing in this country, and the establishment of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours on a firmer basis as the permanent home of that branch of art.

The presentation plate, which every subscriber to the Art Union will receive, is an excellent photogravure after Sir James Linton's picture, "The Declaration of War," which was exhibited a year or two ago. The pictures, at present occupying two rooms of the institute galleries, are contributed principally by members and former exhibitors.

George Clausen sends a good study of an orchard in August with sunset throwing long shafts of light across the grass. The president contributes a painting of a girl's head. No. 38, "The Reader," by Seymour Lucas, although only a sketch, is one of the best pieces of work that have been sent. Robert Macbeth's "Early Morning in the Fens," in spite of its apparent rough technique, has many good qualities; in the method of handling it forms a striking contrast to No. 51, a carefully-painted child playing with a kitten, by Burton Barber. Nos. 91 and 93, by Arthur Hacker and Walter Langley, respectively, are the work of clever painters; the latter picture was exhibited not long ago in these galleries. In the Water-Colour Room, Messrs. Caffieri, W. L. Wyllie, Tristram Ellis, and others, have some good work to show. G. H. Boughton's contribution is a small study of an old peasant with a load of sticks, called "A Moment's Rest up Hill." No. 128 is an imaginative little sketch called "The Dragon," by E. Wagner. Charles Green has one or two pleasant little water-colour drawings, as well as two monochrome illustrations for a story.

The exhibition can hardly be considered complete as yet, since it does not at present include pictures by many leading artists who have promised to send works.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

The high standard of excellence to which photography has recently attained is well shown by the exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, opened last Monday at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, in Pall-mall. The collection contains many fine examples of photography, and there is a high average of technical ability shown. There are few specimens, however, which display any particular artistic qualities, except in one or two instances, chiefly landscapes, in which a certain amount of discrimination is made use of in the choice of the composition. The specimens of life-size portraiture that are exhibited, though, no doubt, excellent examples of good photography, only seem to demonstrate more clearly how great a mistake it is to take portraits on so large a scale. The means are inadequate to produce a pleasing result. No. 25, four subjects taken by Mr. Wainwright, jun., and Nos. 64 and 65, which make charming pictures in themselves, are instances of the discrimination spoken of above. No. 43 is a good study of light and shade.

"On the Lonely Shore," No. 30, is, in many respects, the best landscape exhibited, and fully deserves the medal which it has been awarded. Messrs. West and Son, who contribute some studies of yachts, have several very good specimens, and the work of Mr. Hyslop, another adherent to the same class of subject, is equally deserving of praise.

No. 267 is worthy of notice as good specimens of landscape photography. The platinotype process is evidently becoming very popular, and is certainly well adapted for out-of-door work. No. 268, some scenes from "David Garrick," taken by the ordinary gas-light; although the figures are in several instances rather blurred, these photographs are, considering the difficulties under which they were taken, remarkably good. They would, however, have been better if they had not been quite so small. No. 374 is a very good orthochromatic photograph by Henry Dixon and Son, after a portrait by Frank Holl.

Messrs. Bousso, Valadon, and Co., of Bond-street, send some fine specimens of photogravure, for one of which, No. 394, "The Welcome," after Detti, a medal has been awarded them. The Autotype Company has a most interesting collection of studies from New Guinea, taken from negatives by Mr. J. W. Lindt, as well as some other examples of their work. Mr. J. B. Wellington receives a medal for his excellent studies (No. 412), some of which are quite artistic. No. 442 owes, perhaps, its success as much to the picture of which it is a photograph as to any intrinsic good qualities that it may possess. Almost the only examples of the progress that our French neighbours have made in the different processes of photography are some contributions from Messrs. Benque and Co.

MESSRS. VOKINS' SPORTING EXHIBITION.

Those who are interested in sporting matters, as well as all lovers of old prints and engravings, would do well to pay a visit to the exhibition of old sporting pictures that Messrs. Vokins have just opened at their galleries in Great Portland-street. The exhibition, which is a comprehensive one, and has taken many years to bring together, chiefly consists of engravings, there being a few oil paintings amongst them, as well as a fair sprinkling of water-colour drawings. It is arranged in four divisions, namely—the Turf, Hunting, Shooting, and a miscellaneous collection of prints and drawings, comprising, amongst other works, some portraits of celebrated prizefighters, and a number of coaching sketches by Cooper Henderson. In the centre of the wall devoted to the turf hangs a large oil-painting by J. Sartorius, representing the Beacon Course at Newmarket during the finish of a race. It was formerly the property of the Tattersalls, and used to hang in their old premises at Hyde Park-corner. Above this picture hangs an engraving of a portrait of Mr. Tattersall, the founder of the firm. A feature of the exhibition which ought to interest the sporting public, is a number of portraits, by Seymour and others, of famous race-horses, the earlier of them dating as far back as 1741, which form a strange contrast to some engravings after Stubbs which are placed close to them.

Another interesting print is the engraved portrait of Tregamel Frampton, Esq., keeper of running horses at Newmarket to William III., Queen Anne, George I., and George II. There is a varied collection of water-colour drawings by Alken, consisting of shooting and hunting scenes. George Morland is represented by some fine mezzo-tints by W. Ward, including the two "First of September" plates. A pen-and-ink sketch of some setters, and a couple of delicate, though unfinished, drawings of dogs are the only examples of Sir E. Landseer.

The premises of Mr. James Crichton, jeweller, Argyle-street, Glasgow, were forcibly entered on Sunday, and gold and silver watches, bracelets, and other jewellery, worth from £1000 to £2000, were stolen.

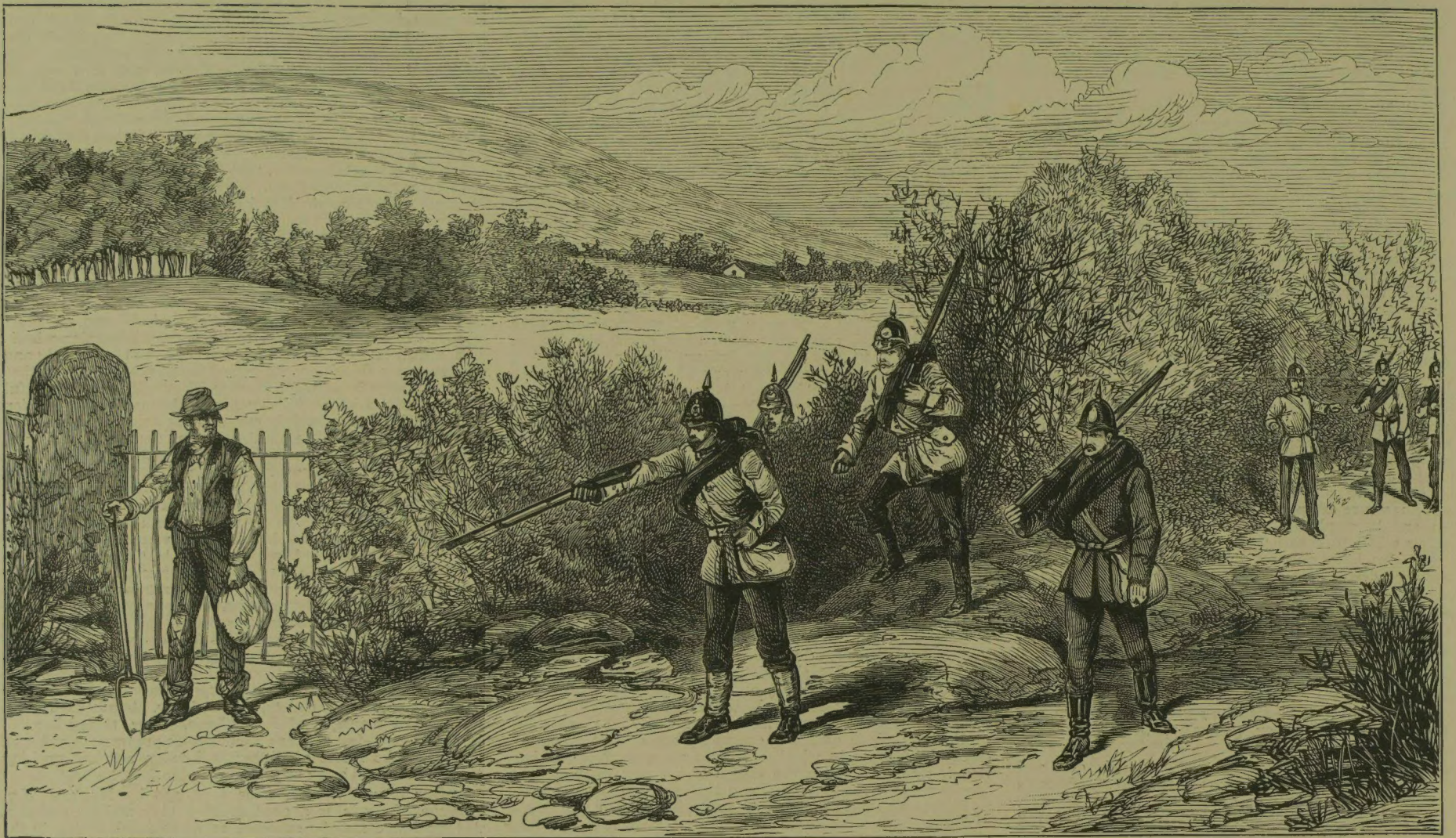
THE PLAYHOUSES.

The sudden postponement of the new autumn play at the Gaiety last Saturday has given "first nighters" a rest from their critical labours, though they have been able to occupy their spare time with occasional matinees and a profitable journey up to Islington to see Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dacre in a new drama by the Merivales. The action of Mr. George Edwardes in postponing his burlesque for a week is highly to be commended. How often have good plays been absolutely ruined from being produced when not ready and insufficiently rehearsed! The author anticipates danger, so do the actors, so does the manager in his heart; but the day has been fixed, the announcements have been made, the tickets have been sent out, and who can tell what chance and fate will do? "It will all come right at night": this is the fatally foolish doctrine of the player; and next morning both manager and author discover, to their great sorrow, that they are hundreds of pounds poorer in money and fame. Not so Mr. George Edwardes. He had everything to lose by this postponement, for the autumn burlesque season must necessarily be short. Clever Fanny Leslie, Arthur Williams, and their companions must make way before Christmas for Nellie Farren, F. Leslie, and the regular Gaiety Company in a new merry extravaganza by the bright and popular authors, "Richard-Henry"; but the Gaiety manager aims at perfection, and, as the old proverb has it, practice is the way to arrive at that desirable end.

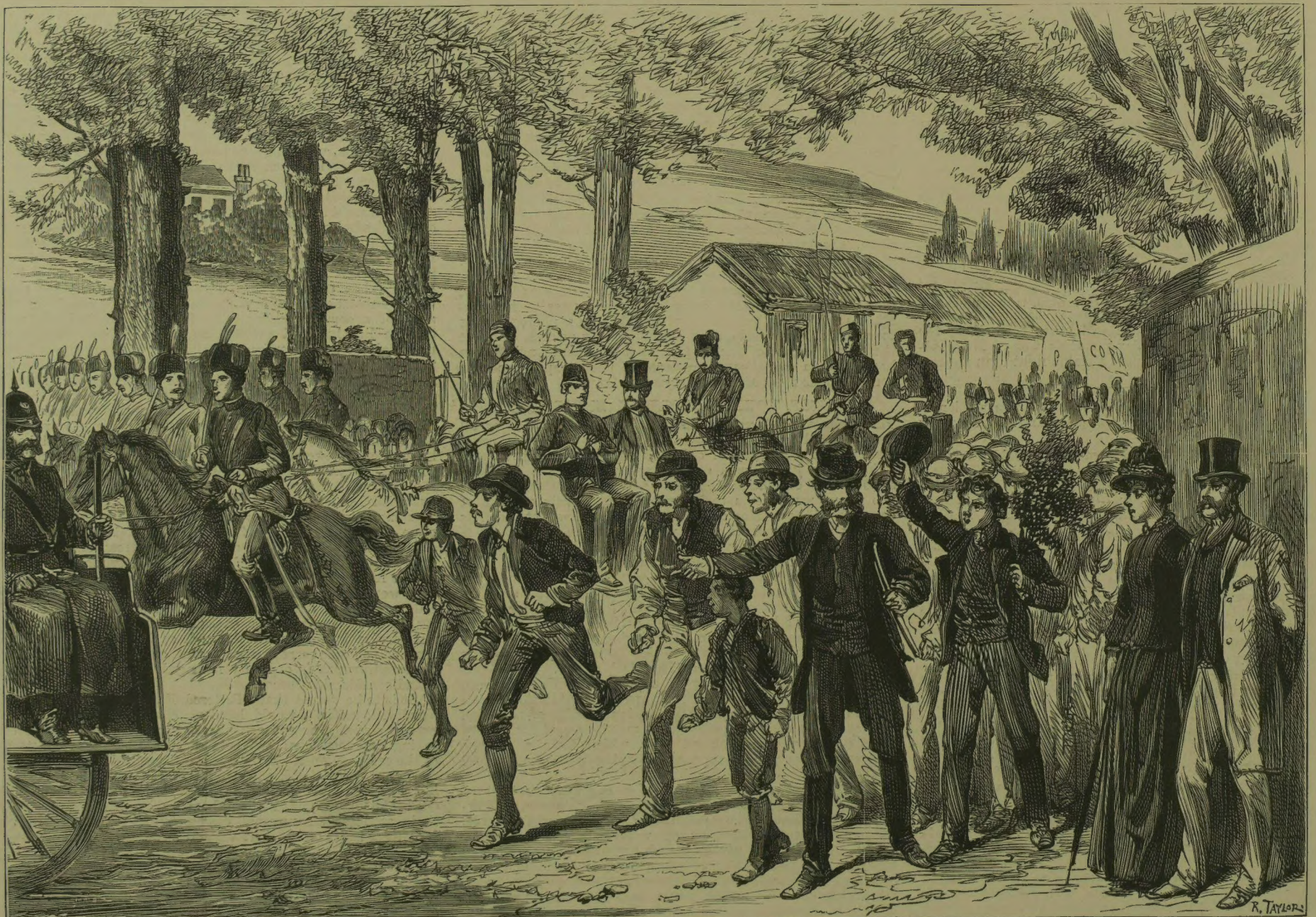
By-the-way, this allusion to Mr. George Edwardes, who is both a man of business and taste, reminds us that both he and Mr. Augustus Harris are concerned in the new enterprise that is to turn the unsuccessful Empire Theatre into a successful popular concert-hall. All depends on the magisterial decision in a few days' time, and it can scarcely be doubted that the spirit of fair-play will prevail, and that there will be no curtailment of liberty where the welfare and dignity of public amusement are concerned. There would be an outcry of indignation if the Lord Chamberlain shut up the Vaudeville Theatre because it was next door to the Adelphi, or allowed the spirit of "protection" to prevail so far as decimating the theatres in the busy Strand. Why, then, when Leicester-square has already one of the handsomest and best-conducted music-halls in the metropolis, should it not have another? In the interests of the public, we cannot have too strong a protest against the dull stupidity and inane vulgarity of the old style of music-hall. It has been proved that the public really do want more smoking theatres of the first class; and it is quite certain that good taste, good manners, and a wholesome entertainment may confidently be expected from a syndicate that contains the names of Mr. George Edwardes, late of the Savoy now of the Gaiety, and of Mr. Augustus Harris, the popular manager of Drury-Lane. Two things have to be considered—fair play and a wholesome programme, and both would be the result of giving to London another smoking theatre on a bold and comprehensive plan.

"Our Joan," written some time ago by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale, is a good starring play, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dacre may be expected to make much with it in the country, and with not very critical audiences. The story points out how an honest, rough, good-hearted Cornish fisher lass falls in love with a young gentleman above her in station, and is ill-advised enough to marry him, though her innate common-sense tells her she is foolish to do so. Once married and dressed up in drawing-rooms, poor Joan pines like a bird in a cage; she longs for freedom and fresh air, and, being in a nervous, irritable, and discontented state, picks a quarrel with her husband and leaves her home on an idle, foolish, and frivolous pretence. Her pride is wounded, her dignity is compromised, and so, with a torrent of virtuous indignation, she breaks up her home. The husband, who, after all, has only lost his temper from a fit of jealousy, which is an implied compliment to Joan, and proves an existent passion, appeals for mercy in vain. The cantankerous girl will have none of him or his penitence. So, instead of taking him to her heart, she shows him the door. The husband, accordingly, in desperation, tries to drown himself by putting to sea alone in an open boat in a storm, and Joan, who has meanwhile become half crazy, saves her husband from death, and, of course, forgives him. The tendency in modern plays to make the heroes and heroines unsympathetic by reason of their inconsistency, is very curious. An unreasonable and unforgiving woman can never be an object of admiration. And there is about Joan a good deal of the spirit of modern Pharisaism that is now-a-days mistaken for Christianity. She holds it to be a good and proper thing to do to shut her heart against all forgiveness because her husband has suspected her unjustly on ocular proof that would unbalance or unnervy any man. Joan is caught in the arms of a common sailor, who is really her brother; and because her husband protests against the insult, which is unexplained, he is condemned offhand to banishment from the woman he loves and to a life of misery. This may be modern female justice, but it is not old-fashioned common-sense. Man's sex and heartlessness some women never forgive—that is their business; but man's mistake and impulsiveness are always forgiven by any woman worthy of the name. It is strange that Miss Amy Roselle should have been placed in two modern plays in this false and anomalous position. If we remember rightly, it was in "Harvest" that she, as a wife, refused forgiveness in the same sort of way but with less cause. However, this little ethical difficulty does not interfere with a singularly dignified and, in some scenes, a fine performance. The hysterical scene at the shipwreck is played as no other actress, save perhaps Mrs. Kendal, could play it on the stage. Miss Roselle at once works up the feelings of her audience by real power and touches of true womanly feeling. The play then ceased to be one of talk and became one of action, and the scene saved the play. Mr. Arthur Dacre makes a capital, manly, and earnest lover. His service is very valuable, and, as it turns out, Arthur Meredith obtains more sympathy than "Our Joan." The scene of the shipwreck is capitally managed, and the new play has found considerable favour.

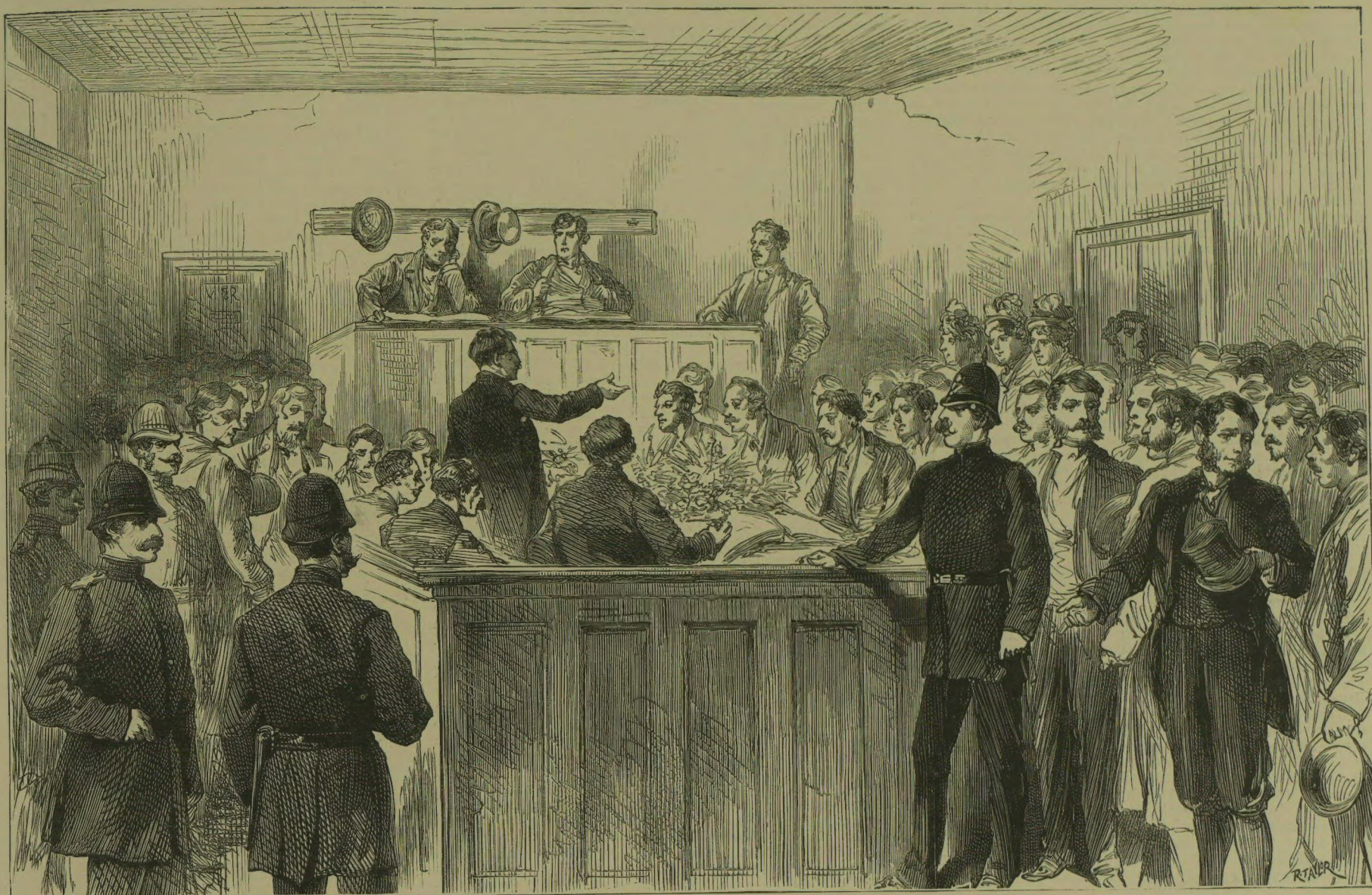
It is to be feared that "Fettered Freedom," produced at a Vaudeville matinee, would have no chance of success on the regular stage. The author makes the unfortunate mistake of taking the exceptional incidents of life as his motive, instead of the ordinary ones. It is, no doubt, probable that at some time or other a timid, unimaginative wife may have begged her best friend and her husband to marry when she is dead, and have joined their hands with a blessing. But it is, at least, an unusual circumstance, and brings ugly reflections in its train. But when the wife does not die, and has to be an eye-witness of her own ill-advised impulse, the situation, however embarrassing in real life, becomes unwholesome on the stage. A wife compelled to accept her husband as the lover of her best friend is painful enough; but when they bill and coo in black clothes when the breath is scarcely out of the poor woman's body, the picture is decidedly unpleasant. The actors did all that they could for it—particularly Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Miss Helen Leyton, and Mr. Bassett Roe. But "Fettered Freedom" would make a far better novel than a play.



MR. W. O'BRIEN, M.P., ON THE ROAD TO HIS TRIAL AT MITCHELSTOWN: ADVANCE GUARD OF SOLDIERS BEATING THE BUSHES.



MR. O'BRIEN UNDER MILITARY AND POLICE ESCORT BETWEEN FERMOY AND MITCHELSTOWN.



Mr. O'Brien, M.P. Mr. Harrington, M.P.

SCENE IN THE COURT-HOUSE AT MITCHELSTOWN, DURING THE TRIAL OF MR. W. O'BRIEN, M.P.



REVIEW OF A SWISS ARMY CORPS AT HORGES, ON THE LAKE OF ZURICH.
SKETCH BY MAJOR-GENERAL H. G. ROBLEY.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 4.

Once more the imminent international catastrophe of war has been averted. For how long? "Wait till next spring," say the knowing ones. "The fight is inevitable," add the pessimists, "and the French will have no Exhibition." The other day, being in a mood of autumnal indolence, I wandered westward, and saw many things of interest not often remarked by Parisians. For instance: the Parc Monceau; the Arc de Triomphe; the Museum of Comparative Sculpture, so admirably installed in the Trocadéro Palace; the Municipal Aquarium, where thousands and thousands of Californian salmon are being raised to stock the rivers of France. Finally, I crossed the river, and inspected the Champ de Mars, and was astounded at the spectacle that met my eyes. Away up in mid-air, dotted here and there amidst the geometrical interlacement of curves, girders, stays, and cross-bars of iron, you see portable forges, and men swinging hammers and riveting together the innumerable fragments of that gigantic folly, the Eiffel tower. The four curved feet of the monster are anchored in the ground, and daily grow in height and in sweep, converging like the horrid claws of some supine and colossal crab. And all day long a crowd of loungers stands watching the operations, speculating on the comparative happiness of riveters working on the tower and riveters working in a boiler, wondering whether the tower will blow over, and otherwise giving vent to the harmless curiosity of their vacant wits. Beyond, at the other end of the Champ de Mars, are blocks of parallel galleries of glass and iron, and vague skeletons which will grow into domes and resplendent crystal roofs. On the Champ de Mars and in the annexes of the Quai d'Orsay there will be employed 9,000,000f. worth of iron, and the work is advancing so rapidly that at the end of July, 1888, the whole carcass of the Exhibition will be ready, and in order that the gardens may be real gardens the trees are being planted at the present moment.

As regards the probable success of the Exhibition, the General Commissioner, M. Georges Berger, is full of hope. Barring home or foreign political complications, the Exhibition will open on April 1, 1889. Foreign nations will not be officially represented, because of the date chosen being the centenary of a Revolution, which monarchical Europe is not bound to approve. Nevertheless, each nation will have its place and independent exhibition, and the Government Commissions will be replaced by private initiative supported by the disguised aid of each Government. The last day for demands for space is Feb. 1, 1888, and in July, 1888, each exhibitor will receive notification of his allotted space, and also of the bill to pay. Up to the present moment the number of French exhibitors inscribed is about 8000; but imagine how anxious these intending exhibitors feel at each frontier incident, at each fall of a Cabinet, at each dangerous absurdity of the Municipal Council of Paris! Even now that the enterprise is well started, the organisation of the Paris Exhibition of 1889 is by no means plain sailing.

The chief danger at home is the noisy Radical party, whose members dream of nothing but Parliamentary intrigues and upsetting of Ministries. The vacations have been employed by the Radicals exclusively in building catapults to batter down the Cabinet, and amongst the newest weapons is a threatened interpellation on the secret funds and their employment. This is a delicate subject, the frank discussion of which might reveal many strange bargains. A foreigner often wonders how Paris can support fifty or sixty newspapers, nine-tenths of which contain no news and very little paper. The answer is—secret funds, provided either by the Ministers in office or by politicians who hope to have their turn at office. Evidently a serious newspaper, having a genuine circulation, will not humiliate itself for the sake of a few thousand francs from the secret funds; but in France serious newspapers with genuine circulations are not so common as might at first sight be supposed.

The theatrical week has been marked by the reopening of several theatres, notably the Palais Royal and the Gymnase. The Palais Royal has been thoroughly transformed and enlarged by means of exterior iron balconies; gas has been entirely abolished; and a steam-heating apparatus has been installed. The Gymnase, also much modified, reopened with a new comedy by Edmond Gondinet, "Dégonné!" which was not a brilliant success, and that, too, for several reasons, the chief of which is that it is a poor play. The wit of the piece turns almost exclusively on political satire; and if there is anything of which the Parisians are thoroughly sick it is politics, and everything connected with politics. Finally, the piece was poorly played. At the Variétés "La Grande Duchesse" has been revived, with Madame Judic in the rôle created by Hortense Schneider, twenty years ago, in the palmy days of the Empire, during the Exhibition of 1867, when all the crowned heads of Europe seemed to have made Paris their rendezvous. "La Grande Duchesse" was then a great event: to some it seemed to be a satire on the depravity of the Empire, to others a satire on Monarchy, to a third it seemed the fatal sign of the Apocalypse, the beginning of the end. Now, that the times have changed, "La Grande Duchesse" appears to be simply a gay and inoffensive work, an amusing buffoonery. And how charming some of the *moreaux* of Offenbach's music, which has become popular all over the world, and which, nevertheless, retains its freshness! Madame Judic, who plays the Grand Duchess, sings with infinite art, and the revival is decidedly a success. Curiously enough, while Offenbach's score is winning new laurels at the Variétés, his worldly goods—his furniture, pictures, and household belongings—are being carried to the Hôtel Drouot to be sold by auction. Death has taken Offenbach, his wife, his son, and two of his sons-in-law; the family name is extinct. This sale does not imply any pecuniary difficulties on the part of the surviving family. Offenbach's repertory has produced £12,000 author's fees during the past six years. This season we are promised Offenbach's correspondence, edited by Henri Meilhac, who, in collaboration with Halévy, wrote the libretti of almost all his scores.

The United States Government has ordered of the French sculptors Mercié and Falguière a statue of Lafayette and of the French officers who took part in the American War of Independence. The monument will be placed in Washington City, and will cost £10,000.

T. C.

The new Flemish theatre at Brussels was opened last Saturday night with becoming solemnity. It was constructed by the architect Baes, who has endeavoured, apparently with success, to solve the difficulties which the combining of safety with comfort and decorative exigencies impose.

At Baden-Baden, on Friday, last week, the German Empress celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday. This is the twenty-fifth time she has spent her birthday in the same place. Among those who presented their personal congratulations to her Majesty were the Emperor, the King of the Belgians, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the Grand Duke and Princess

Irene of Hesse, and Prince Henry of Prussia, the Baden family, and the Grand Duke of Saxony. The event was observed, as usual for many years past, by the decoration of all official buildings in Berlin and Potsdam, while the daily journals mostly published short congratulatory articles on the event.—Public opinion throughout Europe has been somewhat fluttered by a visit which the Italian Premier has paid to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe. In Tuesday's sitting of the Federal Council Prince Bismarck submitted a proposal that as the interests of the German commercial community were involved in an important degree in the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition of 1888, steps should be taken for the representation of the Empire at the Exhibition by a special commissioner, and for affording some material assistance to German exhibitors by a partial defrayal of the costs of instalment or superintendence.—Prince Henry, the second son of the German Crown Prince, is now staying with his fiancée, Princess Irene of Hesse, and the Hessian Grand Ducal family, at Darmstadt.

The fortieth Session of the Danish Diet was opened on Monday in the University Festival Hall, Copenhagen, by the Prime Minister, M. Estrup, in the name of the King. M. Liebe was re-elected Chairman of the Landsting, and M. Høgsbro was elected Chairman of the Folkething. In Tuesday's sitting of the Folkething, the Minister of Finance brought forward the Budget for 1888-1889 and the Provisional Budget for 1887-1888. The revenue is estimated at 54,000,000 kroner, including 1,500,000 kroner representing the interest derived from investments; and the expenditure at 56,000,000 kroner, including 3,500,000 kroner set apart for the redemption of the State Debt. An equilibrium is thus established between revenue and expenditure. The Minister announced that the State Debt would be reduced by 1,600,000 kroner through the redemption of old loans contracted in Amsterdam and Antwerp.

The Hungarian Parliament met on Wednesday week for the first time since the general election. It has been elected for five years, all former Parliaments having been triennial. On Thursday the members were received at the Palace of Buda to hear the King's speech from the throne.—The bronze statue of Francis Deak, the Hungarian patriot, was unveiled on Thursday afternoon at Pesth by the Emperor of Austria.—The Hygienic Congress at Vienna was concluded on Sunday, when it was decided to hold the next gathering in London in 1891. Sir Spencer Wells on Saturday performed an operation in the Vienna General Hospital before a large assemblage of students.

A Russian adventuress, known by the nickname of "Golden Hand," has been condemned by the tribunal of Moscow to transportation for life. This extraordinary woman has been married sixteen times, and is described as being remarkably handsome. Her husbands belonged to all nationalities and creeds. She ran away from two in France and three in Germany, carrying off as much of their property as she could lay hands on. She was in Vienna in 1878 under an assumed name. She robbed her different husbands altogether of more than 300,000 roubles. When travelling she invariably made dupes and disappeared with their money, jewels, and even with their watches. She is not unfamiliar with her future abode—Siberia—as she was condemned to transportation once before by the Moscow tribunal. She had not been there long before the chief overseer of the place where she was confined married her and took her to Constantinople. She left him in course of time, and returned to Russia, where she was only identified by the police after two years' residence. She speaks fluently Russian, German, French, English, and Roumanian. The lawyer entrusted with her defence had an opportunity of experiencing her skill as a pickpocket. When he went to see her in prison after the trial she assured him of her gratitude, and asked him to accept as a souvenir a gold watch and chain, which she placed on the table before him. He at once recognised it as his own. She had picked his pocket and presented him with his own watch!

Earthquake shocks occurred on Tuesday in Greece, especially about the Gulf of Corinth.

In view of the serious illness of the Sultan of Morocco, urgent military preparations are being made by Spain to defend her interests in that country.

The Emperor and Empress of Brazil have left Baden-Baden after a residence of two months at the Hôtel Stéphanie. They visit Essen this week, for the purpose of inspecting the Krupp works. They proceed thence to Brussels, and then to Paris, and intend to pass next month on the Riviera, leaving Europe early in December for either Cairo or Algiers, where they will reside till April.

Intelligence comes from Smyrna that the four captured Englishmen have been released by the brigands on the payment of £750.

The President of the United States and Mrs. Cleveland have started on a three-weeks' tour among the Western and Southern cities of the United States. Mr. Cleveland, who is accompanied by several members of the Cabinet, travels by special train. They are everywhere received with popular receptions. A most enthusiastic welcome was given to them as they passed over the Pennsylvania Railway on Friday. Near Pittsburgh, in the natural gas region, the people lit gas flames 10 ft. in diameter and 100 ft. high, which were burnt as the train passed during the night. The train halted in Indianapolis for several hours on Saturday, where the President had a grand reception. He arrived at St. Louis on Saturday midnight, where he is the guest of the Mayor. The President spent Sunday quietly at St. Louis. On Monday there was a grand procession in his honour, which he reviewed from the Southern Hotel, and there were illuminations at night.—The Scotch yacht Thistle was again defeated by the American sloop Volunteer yesterday week on the second trial over the course outside New York Harbour.—In a sculling-match, a mile and a half and back, in New York State, Buear has been defeated by Courtney, the American.

Further information about Mr. Stanley's mission states that it has hitherto been pursuing its forward march without encountering any difficulties other than those usually presented by a country exceedingly difficult to traverse.

Latest advices from the West Coast of Africa confirm the arrest of King Ja-Ja.

A telegram from Capetown informs us that Lord Carnarvon has been received with universal respect during his visit to the colony. His Lordship left on Saturday last for Australia.

President Kruger, speaking at a banquet at Johannesburg, in proposing the toast of the Queen's health, said that the friendly relations existing between England and the Transvaal afforded him the greatest satisfaction, adding that his utmost endeavours were directed towards their maintenance.

The offer made by the Nizam of Hyderabad for the defence of the Indian North-West Frontier was 20,000 lakhs of rupees annually for three years.

Owing to the unfavourable result of the elections, the New Zealand Ministry has resigned. The Governor has summoned Mr. H. A. Atkinson to form a new Cabinet.

THE CITIZEN ARMY OF SWITZERLAND.

Under the Federal Constitution, every able-bodied Swiss citizen is liable to military duty from his twentieth to his forty-fourth year—the first twelve years in the regular army, the last twelve in the reserve or landwehr. There is also a third corps, known as the landsturm, or, as we might call it, a home guard, only liable in case of great emergency, and composed of youths between seventeen and twenty, and men between forty-four and fifty years of age.

The training of the Swiss as a soldier begins with his early boyhood. At ten years of age he commences gymnastic exercises at the public school, attendance being obligatory; at twelve, drill with iron rods as a substitute for guns; and at fourteen, shooting at a mark with a species of bow gun, are added. At sixteen, company-drill in the school of the soldier is introduced; and between seventeen and eighteen, the rifle is put into the youth's hands, and he is thoroughly instructed in its care and use. All this is part of his regular school training and education. His next instruction is acquired in one of the numerous schützten vereine—volunteer associations for improvement in marksmanship. The Government encourages them by paying a liberal share of the powder and ball used in their incessant practice. In return for this the Government exacts that every citizen liable for military duty shall fire thirty ball-cartridges per year at a target.

The Swiss youth, arrived at his twentieth year, already a trained gymnast and a practised marksman, is enrolled as a defender of the Fatherland, and goes into barracks as a recruit. He receives, free of charge, his weapon, equipment, and uniform, which remain in his personal possession during his whole term of service, being taken with him to his home, and kept always within easy reach. If in the infantry, he remains for 45 days, in the cavalry for 60 days, and in the artillery for 56 days—and then returns to his home, taking his arms, equipment, and uniform with him. The remainder of his barrack service is so distributed over his twenty-four years' period of liability as to be scarcely felt in his ordinary civil pursuits. In the infantry he serves in all for 117 days, in the cavalry 188, and in the artillery 146 days—during the entire twenty-four years. This is no serious interruption to the ordinary pursuits of the citizen soldier.

Each canton furnishes a quatum of troops based upon its population, the aggregate regular force amounting to 96 battalions of infantry of 774 men each, 8 battalions of sharpshooters of 770 men each, 24 squadrons of dragoons of 124 men each, 48 field-batteries each numbering 160 men with six steel rifled cannon of 84 millimètres calibre, 2 mountain-batteries, and 10 companies of heavy artillery. This entire force is organised into eight divisions, each consisting of two infantry brigades (2 regiments of 3 battalions each to a brigade), one battalion of sharpshooters, one regiment (3 squadrons) of dragoons, one artillery brigade (3 regiments of two batteries each), one division park, one engineer battalion consisting of a company each of sappers, pontoniers, and pioneers, one hospital corps with five ambulances, and one company each of guides and provost-guards. The landwehr army is organised on precisely the same basis as to its infantry and cavalry, but is provided with only one (instead of six) battery to each division. The aggregate strength of a division ready to take the field is 12,264 men, 2284 horses, and 396 vehicles, of which 36 are cannon. The aggregate strength of the entire eight regular divisions, if mobilised, would be about 100,000 men, 29,000 horses, 3000 vehicles (including 288 field and 12 mountain cannon) and about 1200 heavy artillery. An accurate enumeration of the several divisions taken in January last shows, however, considerable variation in their effective strength, the fourth division, recruited in cantons Lucerne, Unterwalden, Zug, and parts of Berne and Aarau, showing only 9537 men present or accounted for; while the sixth, recruited in cantons Zurich, Schaffhausen, and a part of Schwyz, reported 13,418 men ready for duty.

The above figures refer only to the regular troops—those between the ages of twenty and thirty-two. The organisation of the reserve or landwehr—comprising those between thirty-two and forty-four years of age—is similar in all respects, save as regards the artillery. The total strength of its eight divisions is estimated at 80,000 men. Add to these, and to the regular troops, the volunteers, both under and over age, who in any time of public peril would flock to their country's standard, it is easy to understand that the assertion that Switzerland could put 200,000 men under arms in an emergency is no idle boast.

It is stated that Switzerland has ready at the present time half a million 10-shot-repeating Vetterli rifles, with 200 cartridges for each, enough to arm one-sixth of the entire population. The artillery is of Krupp steel, of the newest breech-loading pattern, provided with 260 rounds to the gun. Behind all these weapons of war is an undying spirit of unity and patriotism, careful to give no offence to its neighbours, yet standing ready, as in the past, to defend the neutrality and the liberties of Switzerland against any invader.

Major-General H. G. Robley, the writer of an article on the Swiss military system, from which the foregoing statements are extracted, furnishes us with a sketch of the appearance of a battalion marching past, at the review and manoeuvres of 24,000 men, on the 25th ult., at Horgen, on the Lake of Zurich.

Roman remains, said to be in a perfect form, have been discovered on Tockington Court Farm, near Bristol. Excavations have revealed the foundations of a Roman villa, consisting of five rooms and a portico, with tessellated pavements, the largest piece of the latter being 50 ft. by 10 ft. without a break, and all in a remarkably fine state of preservation. The design is choice, and the colours are beautiful. The farm is rich in Roman remains.

The revenue for the quarter ending Sept. 30 shows a net increase of £402,424 over that received during the corresponding quarter of 1886. This increase is derived from—the excise, £185,000; stamps, £235,000; property and income tax, £25,000; post-office, £90,000; telegraph service, £25,000; and miscellaneous, £94,956, against which there are diminutions of £97,000 in the Customs, £15,000 house duty, and £139,790 interest on local loans. On the year ending Sept. 30 there is a net increase of £683,957 over that of the previous year.

The revenue of New South Wales for the quarter ending Sept. 30 last amounted to £1,869,000, being an increase of £204,000 as compared with the corresponding period of last year. The revenue for the year was £8,188,000 showing an increase of £626,000, as compared with 1886.—The expenditure of Queensland during the three months ending Sept. 30 last amounted to £586,900, being an increase of £31,600 over the corresponding period of last year. The revenue amounted to £937,400, which is an increase of £110,200 over the corresponding quarter of last year.—The amended Ministerial scheme of taxation in Tasmania has been approved by a majority of nine in the Legislative Council.—The Hon. Matthew Davies, member for St. Kilda, has been elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, in the place of the Hon. Peter Lalor, who has resigned on account of ill-health.

MUSIC.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

This important celebration will take place next week, beginning on Tuesday evening.

These festivals date their origin from the years 1770, 1802, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1814, and 1817, when performances were given of miscellaneous concerts, either in St. Andrew's Hall or the theatre; and sacred music in the church of St. Peter's Mancroft. These, however, were on a comparatively limited scale, most of the executants having been local musicians, professional and amateur. The establishment of the triennial festivals dates from 1824, when the arrangements were much enlarged, an efficient band and chorus having been assembled, under the conductorship of Sir George Smart, who fulfilled that office until 1836; Professor Edward Taylor having occupied it from 1839 to 1842; after which date it was held by the late Sir Julius Benedict, who was succeeded, at the festival of 1881, by Mr. Randegger, the conductor of the festival just about to be held. It was through the influence of Mr. Edward Taylor that the sacred music of Spohr was first brought prominently before the English public by performances of his great oratorios; his "Calvary" having been produced and conducted by himself at the festival of 1839. Many important new works and revivals have given a distinctive character to the Norwich festivals, which hold a high rank as to their artistic importance, in addition to the excellence of their primary object, which has always been the obtaining of money aid for the principal hospitals and public charities of Norfolk and Norwich. With some fluctuations, the results in this respect have generally been largely beneficial.

The orchestra at the forthcoming festival will be on the same scale of efficiency and completeness as on former occasions, and will comprise many of our most skilful instrumentalists, with Mr. Carrodus as leading violinist. A valuable member of the band—Mr. F. Ralph, the excellent violinist—has been removed by death, as recently recorded by us. The chorus will be of commensurate importance, and Mr. Randegger, as at the last festival, will, as already said, conduct the performances; with the exception of the few instances in which composers direct their own works. The list of solo vocalists includes the names of Madame Albani, Misses L. Lehmann, A. Marriott, H. Wilson, and L. Little; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. C. Wade, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. Santley, and Mr. B. Foote.

The London preliminary orchestral rehearsals have taken place this week at the Royal Academy of Music, and all is now ready for the full rehearsals of band, chorus, and solo vocalists at St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, at the beginning of next week.

The opening performance of Tuesday evening will comprise Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's "Jubilee Ode"; M. Saint-Saëns's setting of the 19th Psalm, "The Heavens declare"; and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," given in St. Andrew's Hall, where all the performances, sacred and secular, take place. These will include during the week the production of two new oratorios, "The Garden of Olivet," by Signor Bottesini; and "Isaiah," by Signor Mancinelli, both composed expressly for the festival.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Afternoon Concerts will enter on their thirty-second season this week. The programme includes the performance of one of Beethoven's concertos by the gifted child pianist, Josef Hofmann. This extraordinary youth is to give two recitals at St. James's Hall, the first on Monday next, the second on Oct. 15.

Madame Adelina Patti will sing at the Royal Albert Hall on Nov. 16 and Dec. 6—the concert on the earlier date being under the direction of Mr. Louis Engel, the other under that of Mr. Kube. The great prima donna will also give provincial performances previous to her departure on her South American tour.

The Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts are still being successfully carried on; those at Her Majesty's Theatre having terminated.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"The Garden of Olivet," a Devotional Oratorio, is the new work composed by Signor Bottesini expressly for the approaching festival at Norwich, where it is to be produced next Wednesday, conducted by the composer. The libretto has been written and adapted by Mr. Joseph Bennett, by whom many books, sacred and secular, have been prepared for musical composition within the past few years. Again he has executed his task with the success that might be expected from his combined musical and literary attainments. A predominant feature in the work now referred to is that of a reader, by whom narrative passages and reflective comments are delivered. The oratorio is divided into two parts (respectively entitled "The Agony" and "The Betrayal"), comprising pieces for solo voices and choruses, each division being introduced by a brief orchestral prelude, the orchestra being used throughout with much variety of treatment. Opinions as to the merits and characteristics of the music must, of course, be deferred until after its performance with all the intended accessories. Meantime, we have to announce its publication, by Messrs. Hutchings and Co., of Blenheim House, Blenheim-street, New Bond-street, in the handy and inexpensive form which is now so generally adopted. The issue of the work in advance of its performance will be welcome to all who are interested in the matter.

"The Red Cross Knight," a Dramatic Cantata by E. Prout. (Novello, Ewer and Co.).—This work is dedicated to the Huddersfield Choral Society, by which institution it has been produced this week. The text is written by Mr. W. Grist, who has taken the chief outline of the plot from the story of "The Knight of the Silver Shield" in Neele's "Romance of History" (England); three of the characters—Edith, Roland, and Morice—being derived from the same source. Besides these, Mr. Grist introduces Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Blondel, and has also availed himself, in the Tournament scene, of hints derived from Chaucer and Sir Walter Scott. The cantata consists of several scenes, respectively entitled—"The Road to Shrewsbury," "Lady Edith's Apartments at Whittington Castle," "The Exterior of the Castle," "The Field of the Tournament," "The Road to Whittington," "Another part of the Road," and "Interior of Whittington Castle." With the framework thus furnished, Mr. Prout has associated a series of pieces, some for the characters already specified, others for choristers. Judging merely from the printed score, the music seems to possess much variety.

The City Press states that the Clothworkers' Company spend £12,000 on technical education every year.

Dr. Peile, a Fellow, and for some years Tutor, of Christ's College, Cambridge, was on Saturday elected Master, in succession to the late Dr. Swainson.

The Royal Masonic Institution for Girls propose, in celebration of the completion of the hundred years of the existence of the Masonic Girls' School, to make alterations and additions at the school at Battersea-rose, at a cost of about £30,000, in order to enable the institution to accommodate seventy-five children in addition to the 230 already in the school.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

NOVICE.—In the position described by you, White, if it is his turn to play, can draw by perpetual check.

H G (Agra College).—You are mistaken. According to modern chess law White may promote his Pawn to any piece he chooses except a King. He may, consequently, have two or more Queens, Rooks, Bishops, or Knights on the board at the same time. Send a diagram of your problem, and send also the conditions and solution.

P H (Stratford).—The publisher of Staunton's "Hand-book" is Bohn, Covent-garden. A new edition of Cook's "Synopsis of the Openings" has, we are informed, recently been issued; at Birmingham, we believe.

F N B (Ware).—Thanks; the game is very acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2262 received from Haridas Gargari (Agra College); of No. 2264 from Hugo Legler (Evansville, U.S.A.); of No. 2266 from W G Andrew, Lieut.-Colonel Lorraine, Henry G King, Loup (New York); of No. 2267 from A Lelièvre, Columbus, and Henry G King.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2268 received from Hereward, E Featherstone, T Roberts, J Wyman, L Fildon (Antwerp), Jupiter Junior, A Lelièvre, H Lucas, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), K S Harris, C E P, R Tweedell, E London, Ben Nevis, R Worters, Joseph Ainsworth, R H Brooks, W Hillier, G W Law, C Barragh, J Bryden, North-Bac, E Caseilla (Paris), Peterhouse, R L Southwell, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Otto Fulder, H Wardell, H Reeve, C Oswald, James Atkinson, and R F N Banks.

NOTE.—Many correspondents, overlooking the correct defence, suppose they have solved this problem by way of 1. Q to Kt 2nd. The answer to that move is 1. P to K 7th, and should White then play 2. Kt to B 5th, then 2. P takes P prevents the mate on the third move.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2267.

WHITE. 1. Q to R 7th. 2. Q to Q 7th (ch). 3. Mates accordingly.

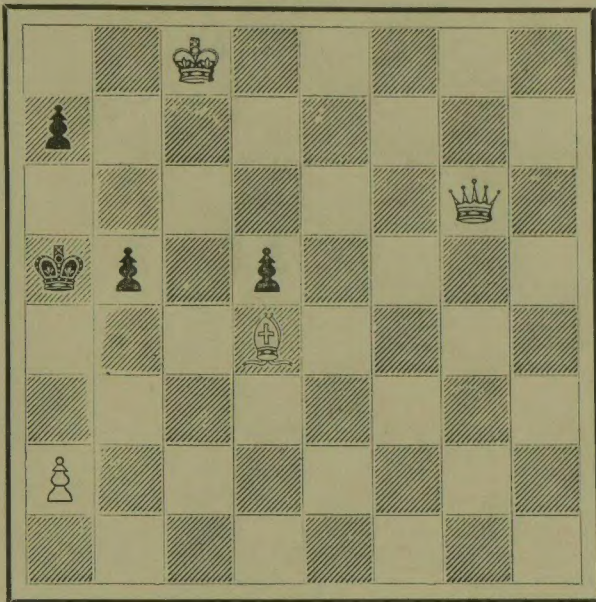
BLACK. Kt takes P. Any move.

NOTE.—If Black play 1. Kt to Kt 3rd, then the continuation is 2. Kt to B 7th (ch); if 1. K takes Kt then 2. Q to Kt 8th (ch), and any other move, 2. P to K 4th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2270.

By JAN KOTRCE (Prague).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. BLACKBURNE AND GUNSBURG.

First Game, played Sept. 26. The notes are by the players.

(Four Knights' Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to Q B 3rd. 3. Kt to K B 3rd. 4. P to Q R 3rd. BLACK (Mr. B.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. 3. Kt to Q B 2nd. 4. P to K R 3rd.

The usual continuation here is 4. B to Kt 5th, as played in the recent Steinitz-Zukertort match.

5. P to R 3rd. 6. P to Q 4th. 7. The game develops into a Philidor's defence.

8. Mr. Blackburne now thinks 6. P takes P preferable.

9. P to Q 5th. 10. B to K 3rd. 11. P to Kt 4th. 12. Kt to Kt sq. 13. B to K 3rd. 14. B to R 6th. 15. Castles (Q R).

Now the text move is safe.

16. Q to Q 2nd. 17. Kt to K 2nd. 18. Kt to K 2nd. 19. Kt to K 2nd. 20. Kt to K 2nd. 21. Kt to K 2nd. 22. Kt to K 2nd. 23. Kt to K 2nd. 24. Kt to K 2nd. 25. Kt to K 2nd. 26. Kt to K 2nd. 27. Kt to K 2nd. 28. Kt to K 2nd. 29. Kt to K 2nd. 30. Kt to K 2nd. 31. Kt to K 2nd. 32. Kt to K 2nd.

It would not have been advisable to "Castle" too early on the Queen's side.

11. Kt to Kt 3rd. 12. Kt to Kt 3rd. 13. B to K 2nd. 14. B to R 6th. 15. Castles (Q R).

Now the text move is safe.

16. Q to Q 2nd. 17. Kt to K 2nd. 18. Kt to K 2nd. 19. Kt to K 2nd. 20. Kt to K 2nd. 21. Kt to K 2nd. 22. Kt to K 2nd. 23. Kt to K 2nd. 24. Kt to K 2nd. 25. Kt to K 2nd. 26. Kt to K 2nd. 27. Kt to K 2nd. 28. Kt to K 2nd. 29. Kt to K 2nd. 30. Kt to K 2nd. 31. Kt to K 2nd. 32. Kt to K 2nd.

THE INTER-COLONIAL TOURNAMENT AT ADELAIDE.

Played on the opening day (Aug. 17) between Messrs. ERLING and TULLIDGE. (Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. E.) 1. P to K B 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. 3. P to K 3rd. 4. P to Q Kt 3rd. 5. B to Q Kt 2nd. 6. B to Q 3rd. BLACK (Mr. T.) 1. P to Q 4th. 2. Kt to Q B 4th. 3. Kt to Q B 3rd. 4. Kt to K B 3rd. 5. P to K 3d. 6. B to Q 3rd.

This unusual development of the Bishop before the Q P is moved was successfully adopted by Tschigorin at the London Tournament, and, if not properly met, gives the first player a strong attack.

7. Castles. 8. Kt to Q B 3rd. 9. Kt to K 5th. 10. Kt to K Kt 4th. 11. Q takes Kt. 12. Kt takes Q P.

Well played and giving him a winning advantage; his opponent's only move is to take the Queen.

13. Kt takes Q P. 14. B to Q B 4th. 15. B takes P (ch). 16. Kt takes B.

If 14. Kt to Q sq, White's reply would be 15. P to B 5th.

15. B takes P (ch). 16. Kt takes B.

Of the four games played between Messrs. Blackburne and Gunsberg last week each won one and two were drawn.

The fourteenth annual report of the Athenaeum (Camden-Town) Chess Club shows the society to be in a flourishing condition. Of the matches played during the past season the first team won seven and lost four, and the second team finished with an even score.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Mr. H. C. Folkard, of the Western Circuit, to the Recordership of Bath, in succession to Mr. Justice Charles.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

The trial of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., by two Resident Magistrates, Captain Stokes and Mr. R. Eaton, in Petty Sessions at Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork, under the new Crimes Act, for making speeches on Aug. 9 and Aug. 11, inciting the peasantry on Lady Kingston's estate to resist the sheriffs and bailiffs proceeding with an eviction, has been noticed in this Journal. It took place on Friday, the 23rd, and Saturday, the 24th ult., resulting in two sentences, on Mr. O'Brien, of three months' imprisonment, concurrently, for distinct offences; while Mr. John Mandeville was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. The defendants have been released on bail, under an appeal to the County Court Judge of Cork, Mr. Hamilton, which appeal will be heard on the 31st inst. Our Special Artist furnishes Sketches of the scenes on Friday, the 23rd ult., when Mr. O'Brien was conveyed, under a strong military and police escort, from the county jail at Cork, by railway from Cork to Fermoy, and on a car along the road from Fermoy to Mitchelstown. The troops of the escort consisted of two companies of the Devonshire regiment, from Cork, joined by a half-troop of the 3rd Hussars, and a company of the Scots Fusiliers, from Fermoy; and there was a large force of the Royal Irish Constabulary, both mounted and on foot, and carried in breaks. Mr. O'Brien, with a guard of police, was taken from Fermoy to Mitchelstown on an "outside" or open Irish car, the distance being about nine miles. There was a long procession of other cars, in which the reporters, several members of Parliament, and deputies from the English auxiliary of the National League called the "Home Rule Union," amongst whom were two or three English ladies, made their way to Mitchelstown. At the villages on the road, and at the entrance to Mitchelstown, they were met by crowds of the peasantry, men, women, and children, waving handkerchiefs and branches of green, and cheering for Mr. O'Brien. One of the vehicles in the rear displayed a green flag with the Irish harp on it.

Mitchelstown itself had been very quiet all the morning until a half troop of Hussars marched up the main street from the old barracks and formed across the square near the scene of the affray of the 9th ult. facing the Court-House. They were followed by fifty constabulary, who marched from their quarters at the old Kingston Arms Hotel, and halted in two parties before the Hussars and in front of the Court-House. Then a company of sixty men of the Scottish Fusiliers marched across the square from the barracks in the Fermoy-road, and took up a position on the right of the square. An order was issued by the Magistrates directing that all public-houses should be closed from eleven a.m. until six p.m., the hours between which the Court was expected to sit. Captain Plunkett was in command of the arrangements, and with him was Captain Seagrave. The scene in the Court-House during the trial, at which Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., appeared as counsel for Mr. O'Brien, while Mr. Carson conducted the prosecution for the Crown, is shown in another of our Artist's Sketches. Mr. Dillon, M.P., and five or six other members of the House of Commons, were present among the spectators of the trial.

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Of all four-footed beasts, excluding the domesticated varieties of horses, oxen, and dogs, which fine breeding has endowed, in some instances, with incomparable perfection of animal form, the feline race, in the savage state, is certainly that among which are found the most beautiful creatures. The lion, majestic as he is, with his imposing mane, and with the immense strength of his fore-parts, cannot be regarded, viewing him altogether, as an entirely handsome beast; he has thin, hollow flanks, comparatively weak hind legs, and is unable to climb or to spring high; the colour of the lion is dull, and his tail is inelegant. But the tiger is admirably proportioned, and his stripes are a fine ornament of the body, though on the face, it must be confessed, they have a repulsive effect, like the tattooing of a ferocious warrior of the Polynesian nations of mankind. There was, a few years ago, in the Zoological Society's collection, a small "clouded tiger," the *Felis macrolepis* of Sumatra and Assam, which seemed to us the greatest beauty among quadrupeds; its skin was adorned with a charming combination of broad stripes and large spots, in colours subdued and harmonised; its tail was superb, balancing a head of moderate size, and the visage was sparingly marked. In general, we should give the prize for beauty to the leopards of India; but the African species, and the jaguar of South America, are noble beasts, the latter being the stoutest and most powerful. These animals have not only as much strength of all the limbs as can well be conceived, though probably less in the fore-arm than a lion of the same size; they also possess the agility of cats, and the fore-part is not too heavy, as in the lion and even in the Bengal tiger, to be raised by the action of the hind-legs in climbing. The jaguar's head is rather too flat and square for complete elegance; but he is a magnificent fellow, and in his native forest, on the banks of the Orinoco, he is the true king of beasts. He disdains to sleep under the covert of the jungle, but lies all day on the huge branch of a tree, perhaps overhanging the still pool where the Victoria Regia spreads its broad leaves and fair white blossoms; there, overhead, to shelter him from the tropical sun, hang masses of mingled foliage, the roof and curtain of his airy bed-chamber, till this "Sleeping Beauty" awakes in the cool of evening, and comes down to seek his prey.

During the season ballad and operatic concerts by eminent artists will be given on alternate Thursdays at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo Bridge-road, S.E.

A matinee will be given at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on the 29th inst. for the Manchester Branch of the Colonial Emigration Society, which, under Miss Emily Faithfull's auspices, makes special provision for educated women heeding help and advice. Miss Genevieve Ward has generously given her services, the lessee of the Prince's Theatre lends it free of charge, and the list of patrons includes the most notable names in Lancashire.

According to the Registrar-General's returns for the past week, 2420 births and 1244 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 299 and the deaths 163 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 21 from measles, 38 from scarlet-fever, 20 from diphtheria, 34 from whooping-cough, 12 from enteric fever, 5 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 43 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from smallpox, typhus, or cholera; thus, 173 deaths were referred to these diseases, being 44 below the corrected average weekly number. No death from smallpox was registered, the corrected average being 6. Only 2 smallpox patients were under treatment on Saturday last in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals, and not one in the Highgate Smallpox Hospital. The deaths attributed to diarrhoea and dysentery further declined last week to 43, and were 31 below the corrected average. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 142 and 160 in the two preceding weeks, further rose last week to 219, but were 1 below the corrected average.



A SLEEPING BEAUTY.



CHRISTENING SUNDAY.—FROM THE PICTURE BY F. CHARLES.

THE COURT.

His Highness the Maharajah of Kuch-Bihar arrived at Balmoral Castle on Thursday week, and dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Viscount Cross had the honour of being invited. On Friday morning the Maharajah left the Castle for Mar Lodge. In the afternoon her Majesty drove to Alt-na-Guthasach, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps and the Hon. Evelyn Moore. Her Majesty and the Empress Eugénie drove to Mar Lodge and honoured the Earl of Fife with a visit on Saturday. The Queen attended Divine service in the parish church at Crathie on Sunday. The Rev. Dr. Matheson, of St. Bernard's Church, Edinburgh, officiated. Lady Amphill and the Hon. A. Yorke were in attendance on her Majesty. On Monday the Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen and the Royal family; Madame D'Arcos, in attendance on the Empress, and Viscount Cross had the honour of being invited. The Queen, who is in excellent health, takes drives daily.

The Prince of Wales, who enjoyed excellent deerstalking sport at Mar Lodge, closed his visit to Lord Fife, and went to Balmoral on Sunday night for a short stay. His Royal Highness went out deerstalking on Tuesday. He is to visit Colonel Farquharson at Invercauld. The Princess will leave Copenhagen on the 12th inst. Princess Louise of Wales arrived in Vienna on Sunday from Italy, and is staying at the Hotel Imperial with the King and Queen of Greece under the title of Countess of Chester.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales arrived at Cetinje on Sunday afternoon and made a State entry into the town, accompanied by Prince Nicholas and Prince Danilo, and the British Chargé d'Affaires and Russian Minister and their suites. The Royal visitors were received with great enthusiasm by the inhabitants. The town was illuminated in the evening. Bonfires were lighted on the surrounding hills, and there was a display of fireworks. There was also a torchlight procession to the palace, when Prince Nicholas thanked the people in the name of the Royal guests. On Monday morning the Royal party attended a service at the Convent Church, at which the Metropolitan officiated. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards accorded interviews to the different members of the diplomatic body there, who came to pay their respects. In the afternoon the troops went through a series of manoeuvres on the hills around the town, proving in a notable way their capacities as mountaineers.

The Duchess of Connaught arrived at Buckingham Palace on Sunday evening from Germany. Her Royal Highness has been paying a farewell visit, before leaving for India, to her mother, Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, at Glienicke, near Potsdam, where a family party met the Duchess.

Princess Louise arrived in London last Tuesday from Aix-les-Bains.

"CHRISTENING SUNDAY."

At many parish churches in England it has long been customary for the clergyman to appoint certain Sundays in the year when all the babes ready for the rite of baptism may be brought together; and this pleasant occasion for the mutual exhibition of sweet parental pride and family affection has a good influence in promoting social and neighbourly feelings. To many poor men and women—naturally enough to the mothers—the ceremony is, next to that of their wedding, the happiest and most dignified event in their humble lives. It must have a beneficial effect, and may often cement those pure feminine friendships which are consistent with a little maternal rivalry, to call them, at the same time, to attend the common place of Divine worship for the dedication of infant lives to Christian virtue and duty. We are not aware that any serious instance of confusion or mistake between several babies, passed from hand to hand amongst the caressing female assistants, has ever occurred, though a young bachelor curate is manifestly unable to distinguish one from another. A story has, indeed, been told of a worthy clergyman who was once greatly puzzled. The good woman by whom one of the children was presented to him at the font was, unfortunately, afflicted with a lisping impediment of speech. "How name ye this child?" the reverend gentleman asked. "Luthy, thir," was the reply. "*Lucifer!* Oh, dear, no!" said the clergyman; "don't you know, *Lucifer* is Satan, the Anti-Christ, the Evil Spirit? I cannot give the child such a name. I will call him Benjamin, a good Scripture name. I baptise thee, Benjamin"—going on with the proper formula of the service. The parents, and those of the bystanders who knew the family, were now equally mystified in their turn; but they did not like to interrupt a religious ceremony. When it was over, the father and mother spoke apart to each other, in much apparent distress. The father scratched his head, thought for a minute, and then came up with hesitation to the clergyman, who was about to leave the church. "Please, Sir, it's a *wench!*" he said; "wouldn't Benjamin be a lad's name? We wanted our little one to be called *Lucy!*" But it is unlikely that any mistake of this kind would happen from the collection of infants of both sexes on a regular christening day. Although, to a masculine observer, the faces of male and female babies, at the age of six weeks or even six months, are probably not to be distinguished, the women, aunts and sisters, as well as mothers, generally see the difference; and, by some mysterious intuition, every mother knows her own child. The Picture that we have engraved, of the people coming out of church on Christening Sunday, is suggestive of tender womanly sympathies, in which the youngest girls can share; of the fondness for little children, which is the most humanising sentiment in a life of tough toil and poverty; and of that "touch of Nature" which "makes the whole world kin." For the Squire himself, with his wife and son and young ladies, awaited by his servant at the gate, is coming out amidst the congregation; and they will surely have a kind word for the labourer and the labourer's wife, and a blessing for the babe that was born in a cottage, now freshly consecrated to the service of God.

The Ladies' Division of the School of Art, Science, and Literature opened its twenty-eighth session on Monday, when 242 students presented themselves. During the past week inaugural lectures have been delivered to large audiences.

Sir James Poole, Mayor of Liverpool, laid the foundation-stone, on Saturday last, of the Walker Engineering Laboratories, presented to the Liverpool University College by Sir Andrew B. Walker, at a cost of £20,000. The Earl of Derby, as president of the college, afterwards presented the medals and prizes to the successful students in St. George's Hall, and, after alluding to the value of private liberality, which had supplied this college with nearly £200,000 already, said what was now wanted was a better building. At a luncheon given in the college, Lord Derby said that, in competing with foreign work, he had no desire to see the Englishmen work harder or for longer hours, or live more cheaply; but he wanted them to have better training, and, above all, he wished to make the life of everyone fuller, happier, and more worth living than it was.

THE CHURCH.

The Right Rev. J. W. Bardsley, the new Bishop of Sodor and Man, formerly Archdeacon of Warrington, was on Monday presented by the clergy of the diocese of Liverpool with a parting address and a set of episcopal robes and a signet ring, and by the Clerical Society, of which he was a member, with an Episcopal seal.

The Bishop of Ripon has reopened the church of St. Mary at Ingleton, Yorkshire, which has been practically rebuilt at a cost of £3200, towards which the late Mrs. Ripley, of Lancaster, bequeathed the sum of £1500. The parish church at Dewsbury, which has been extended eastward at a cost of £14,000, has also been reopened. This ancient Gothic church is said to stand on the spot where Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York, first preached the Gospel to the heathen, and many of whom he afterwards baptised in the river which runs close by. The original church is supposed to date from the ninth century.

The Rev. J. H. Smith, Minor Canon of Rochester Cathedral, died on Monday at Woodbridge, Suffolk, of heart disease.

Bishop Perry has published a letter declining the Bishopric of Nova Scotia. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London will now be asked to make a nomination to the vacant see.

The Hawarden harvest festival took place on Thursday week, the parish church being decorated by members of the Gladstone family. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attended the service. The sermon was preached by the Dean of Manchester.

Canon Camidge will be consecrated Bishop of Bathurst at Westminster on the 18th inst. by the Archbishop of Canterbury. On the following day a special farewell service will be held in York Minster, when the sermon will be preached by the Archbishop of York.

The Rev. Daniel Moore resumed his lectures at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, on Tuesday. The following are the subjects for October:—4th, "The Philosophy of Salvation"; 11th, "The Stone of Stumbling"; 18th, "The Christian Races"; 25th, "Spiritual Idolatry."

The living of St. Michael's, Cornhill, has fallen vacant by the death, in his sixty-second year, of the Rev. William Hunt, who had been Rector of the parish since 1875, and who formerly, for twenty years, held the office of master and chaplain of Bancroft's Hospital.

The funeral of the Rev. Canon West Wayet, Vicar of Pinchbeck, near Spalding, took place on Monday at Pinchbeck. The advowson passes to the brother of the deceased, the Rev. Field Wayet, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Bristol, who has bestowed it upon his son, the Rev. Frank Field Wayet.

The Earl of Meath opened on Thursday week a bazaar at the parish hall, South Acton, in aid of church and mission work at South Acton and Acton-green. There was an influential gathering of persons interested in the district work; and the bazaar was continued on Friday and Saturday.

A beautifully-sculptured alabaster font, in memory of the late Canon Anson, has been placed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. It stands at the west end of the south aisle near the Beaufort Chapel, and a dedicatory inscription is inlaid upon its black marble steps. The old terra-cotta font has been buried in the chapel.

A stained-glass window has recently been placed in St. Luke's Church, Newtown, Southampton, by Mr. William Gamlen, of Newtown House, in memory of his wife. The window has been executed by Mayer and Co., of London and Munich. It consists of two lights, and contains four scenes from the 10th Chapter of St. Mark, relating to the healing of the blind Bartimeus, the deceased lady having taken a special interest in persons afflicted with loss of sight.

The College Hall, formerly the Refectory of the Monastery of Worcester, has been restored. The foundations of the hall and the crypt beneath it belong to the Norman period; but the superstructure dates from the fourteenth century. The cost of the restoration has exceeded £5000, which has been borne by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The Bishop of Worcester on Monday distributed the prizes won in the recent examinations, and gave a sketch of the association of learning with the Monastery and Cathedral of Worcester during the last eleven hundred years. His Lordship strongly advocated instruction in Greek and the ancient languages. The Mayor and Corporation attended the ceremony. Earl Beauchamp, Lord Lieutenant of the county, declared the hall opened, and urged the importance of religious instruction being combined with secular teaching.

The Church Congress was formally opened at Wolverhampton on Monday afternoon, when the Mayor and Corporation welcomed the members to that town. The Bishop of Lichfield, President of the Congress, acknowledged the welcome, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, in also returning thanks, expressed pleasure at the Congress meeting in the Black Country, as he had great faith in the power of the working classes to Christianise themselves. The Bishop of Durham preached the opening sermon to a large congregation, his leading points being the catholicity of the English Church and the work which lay before it. On the following day Dr. Lightfoot gave the inaugural address, in which he reviewed the Church legislation of the last twenty years. The revision of the English version of the Holy Scriptures he regarded as full of significance, and he pointed to the remarkable fact that among all the divisions of Christendom the Bible alone remained as the universal heritage. He regretted that the efforts to promote Christian reunion had made but little way, and remarked that the chief hindrance lay in political antagonism to the Church. The difficulties which disturbed the Church were, he said, mainly questions of ritual or of discipline; but there remained the one great problem of the true relation of Church and State. The Church might need to be delivered from a Parliament as it had been from a Pope. Churchmen were learning, amidst many mistakes, to manage their own affairs, and the day would come when they would be permitted to do so. The president concluded by observing that there were burning questions enough in the programme of the Congress, the discussion of which would do more to cherish and strengthen the life of the Church than others which were cracking rather than burning. The Archbishop of Canterbury looked to the day when there would be a reunion of Christendom—a real federation. He urged them not to allow factious or party spirit to disturb them, but to point out to working-men their responsibility, who would then be on the side of the Church. Various papers were afterwards read; and a working men's meeting was held at night, when the Bishop of Carlisle introduced the question of hindrances to religion in common life. Wednesday was rendered noteworthy by a debate on Socialism and Christianity; the Bishop of Derry, Mr. H. H. Champion, and Mr. Leighton, M.P., being the principal speakers. On Thursday the Mayor gave a reception at the Art Gallery. The proceedings conclude to-day (Saturday) by a meeting for working girls and young women, to be addressed by members of Congress.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of the most noble Flora Paulyna Hetty Barbara, Duchess of Norfolk, late of Arundel Castle, Sussex, who died on April 11 last, intestate, were granted on the 30th ult. to the most noble Henry, Duke of Norfolk, K.G., the husband, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1884), with a codicil (dated Feb. 4, 1886), of Mr. John Gardiner, formerly of No. 22, Queensberry-place, Kensington, but late of No. 12, Augusta-gardens, Folkestone, who died on Aug. 18 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Alexander Milne Gardiner, and Edmund John Milne Gardiner, the sons, John Arthur Lainson, and Gerard Coke Meynell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator bequeaths £600 and all his pictures, plate, books, household goods and furniture to his wife; £1000 to his said son Alexander Milne; £4000 each to his daughters Edith Milne and Amy Milne; and legacies to executors. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then £300 to his daughter, Mrs. Alice Milne Lainson. The ultimate residue is to be equally divided between his children (except Mrs. Lainson, whom he has sufficiently provided for by settlement); certain moneys advanced or given to some of his children are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated June 3, 1872), with seven codicils (dated Aug. 8 and Sept. 9, 1874; April 17 and Oct. 16, 1876; March 29 and Dec. 20, 1880; and Nov. 12, 1881), of Mr. Richard Whitehead, late of Ewell Manor, West Farleigh, Kent, who died on Aug. 10 last, at Brighton, was proved on the 24th ult. by the Rev. William Legg, Edward Hoar, and William Edward Balston, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testator gives many legacies and annuities to daughters, grandchildren, nephews, sister, cousin, son-in-law, servants, and others. There is a special legacy of £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Katherine Elizabeth; and as to the residue of his property he leaves one third, upon trust, for each of his three daughters.

The will (dated March 5, 1883) of Mr. Henry Hill, late of Over Knutsford, Cheshire, who died on July 29 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Henry George Vernon, the Rev. Francis Edward Belcombe, and Frederic William Earle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testator gives numerous and considerable legacies, including the King's Dragoon Guards presentation plate and medals belonging to his late father, to Thomas Fowells Buxton Scriven. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his godson, James Young.

The will (dated June 21, 1876), with five codicils (dated Nov. 25, 1882; March 8, 1884; March 22 and Oct. 2, 1886, and Jan. 12, 1887), of Sir Robert North Collie Hamilton, Bart., K.C.B., J.P., D.L., late of Avon Cliffe, Alveston, Warwickshire, who died on May 30 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Haughton Charles Okeover, Frederic William Steward, and Captain Frederick John Helbert, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testator devises his freehold messuage, Avon Cliffe, and all other his real estate, and also his real estate in New Zealand, to the use of his son, Frederick Harding Anson Hamilton, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. His diamonds, jewellery, portraits, crosses, decorations, plate, statues, furniture, &c., are to go and be enjoyed with his property. Avon Cliffe. There are various provisions in favour of his children and their issue, and bequests to servants and others. The residue of his personal estate he leaves upon trusts similar to the uses declared of his real estate.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1886) of the Rev. William Henry Guillemard, D.D., formerly Vicar of St. Mary-the-Less, Cambridge, late of No. 5, St. Peter's-terrace, Cambridge, who died on the 2nd ult., was proved on the 26th ult. by Arthur George Guillemard, the nephew, the Rev. John Wale Hicks, and Lawrence Nunns Guillemard, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and all his furniture, pictures, and effects to his daughter, Rosamond Harriet. The residue of his estate and effects, real and personal, he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Susanna Guillemard, for life; and at her death for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 22, 1887) of Mr. Algernon William Bellingham Greville, late of No. 45, Sussex-gardens, Hyde Park, who died on July 14 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Mrs. Louisa Fanny Greville, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated July 6, 1887) of Mr. Charles Rome, late of Compton Castle, North Cadbury, Somersetshire, who died on July 17 last, at No. 43, Sloane-street, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Thomas Rome, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testator gives the use of his gold and silver plate, pictures, engravings, books, articles of vertu, and curiosities to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his eldest son then living; his furniture, effects, horses, carriages, wines and consumable stores, and £500 to his wife, Mrs. Maria Margaret Rome; £5000 to each of his daughters; £4000, upon trust, for his brother James, for life, and then for his children; £1000 to his nephew, Charles Rome; and the watch and chain usually worn by him to his eldest son, Charles Leslie Rome; £40,000 is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, but one fourth only in the event of her marrying again, and, subject thereto, as to one fourth, if he leaves only one daughter, for her; but if two or more, then as to one half of the said sum between them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his sons who shall attain twenty-five, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1885) of Mr. George Samuel Yates, late of Prince's-road, Liverpool, merchant, who died on June 20 last, at Birkdale, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on the 6th ult. by Mrs. Hannah Yates, the widow, Edward Wilson Yates, the brother, and Assur Keyser, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testator confirms the settlement made on his marriage and also a subsequent settlement, and bequeaths £200, and his furniture and effects to his wife; £1500 to each of his sons, Ellis Keyser Yates, Walter George Yates, and Montagu Solomon Yates; £50 to the Liverpool Jewish Board of Guardians; and legacies to executors, clerks and others. Special directions are given as to certain moneys standing to the credit of his daughters. £1000 per annum is to be paid to his wife, for life, to be increased to £1400 at the discretion of his executors. Provision is made for his executors carrying on business of a merchant, and for his son Ellis Keyser taking over same. On the death of his wife, the residue of his property is to be divided between all his children.

A GARDEN OF SLEEP!

"Eight o'clock, Sir!" And I am awakened out of one of those long, refreshing, dreamless sleeps that one seldom gets, except at a lonely farm-house within sound of the sea. "Is it fine to-day?" "No rain, Sir; but, oh! so still! I can hear them talking at Mr. Golden's Farm, half a mile away." Down goes the green baize blind, up goes the window; and as I rest, half dozing, half dreaming, I can appreciate the stillness and the peace of this quiet corner, that has been called "A Garden of Sleep." At home, I should be already aware of the roar and rattle of busy London. Bury yourself up in the loneliest attic, or select the quietest street, and the din will be in your ears from daylight until dark. Let me describe, then, what I can see and hear, down here, on this still September morning, from the open farm-house window, that looks upon field and flower-garden. The old black mill standing on a grassy mound just outside the white farm-gate is as still as a statue. There is not a puff of wind to move the idle sails that are resting in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross. As yet, the sportsmen have not come to disturb the partridges in that belt of bright green turnips that reaches almost to the sky-line; but the dew glitters on the broad leaves like diamond-drops, and on the upmost ridge a silent ploughman with his team stands out clear and sharp against a background of silver-grey. In a quiet coppice on the right, I can hear the village children busy searching for blackberries and chatting at their work before the school-bell rings for them away at Overstrand. But besides the soft cutting of the plough into the red-brown earth, and the shrill call of the blackberry-gatherers deadened by the leaves, I can hear no sound, save in the distance the chickens chirping under the hedges of an untilled field, and a debating society of ducks on a weedy pond round by the stables. As I rest here, quietly thinking, undisturbed by letters or newspapers, and with a mind for the moment free from care, the tired eyes fall with pleasure on a circular flower-garden that this still September has saved from Autumn decay. A centre bed of deep purple chrysanthemums, the beautiful shapely flower without scent that warns us of the coming winter, is gaily surrounded with old-fashioned sweet-williams, and single pinks, and lilac seedums, and striped anemones; but the gayest, brightest flower in all the September garden is the gay and glorious French marigold, with every shade of orange-yellow and red-brown, that stands out with its triumph of colour now that the geraniums are over and the roses are almost gone. Round about these brilliant flower-beds not yet deserted by the bees that hum contentedly and break the universal stillness, the miller, who is a gardener as well, crunches about the gravel path among his favourite flowers, picking off dead leaves or gathering the seeds for next year's blossom time.

The day becomes brighter as we near the noon. Light steals over the green fields, and over the gay marigolds comes the sun. "Come unto these yellow sands" at the back of the farm-house. We go to our bathing in primitive fashion—

over hedges and ditches, across grass meadow and plough, and down to the beach by a rough path in the clay cliffs cut by an enterprising fisherman. The sands are utterly deserted, though the sun is high in the heavens. I stand on the beach before the clock has struck ten and cannot see a human soul to right or left, on sand or cliff. The village children, who slide down the sand slopes to the shore, are all at school. The visitors are gone home. The farm-labourers are at work; so I get a bathing-place that extends over four miles, with caves and creeks and bays innumerable, and with a yellow carpet of soft sand, for which many a fashionable watering-place would pay a small fortune. Lonely I go to the bath, lonely I return; to find the cheery postman in his little cart waiting for me at the farm-gate with a packet of letters and yesterday's newspaper. These are discussed over a morning pipe among the gaudy sunflowers at the back of the garden, and, on the other side of the hedge, I can hear the fishermen chatting on the way to the beach, and am conscious of the sole village excitement of the day—the passing of an omnibus which, for the first time this summer, has, for a ridiculously small sum, in connection with the enterprising Great Eastern Railway, taken the quiet inhabitants and visitors of Cromer a charming country drive through the farm-lands and green fields, past the noble flint-built churches and sequestered villages that are scattered about the most deserted corner of all England. Not much harm has been done by this sleepy summer omnibus, that was supposed to be the destroyer of the primitive peace of Poppyland. Cromer visitors never did much in the way of exploring, and as yet they have not defiled the Poppyland district with low music-hall songs or rowdy noise. The middle-aged female, with the white yachting cap, has been seen, alas! on the splendid stretch of turf and fern that ennobles the Cromer Lighthouse cliff; but even now, in September, the loveliest of all months, profound peace reigns in the farm-lands and blackberry lanes of Poppyland. Cromer requires a good deal of tempting from its favoured position, with such a cliff and such a sea, with acres upon acres of lawn good enough for lawn-tennis, and, at last, to be devoted to golf. With dells and downs and ferny nooks, with sands hard enough for cricket and every imaginable game, with good bathing and an air impregnated with sleep, what does Cromer want with omnibuses or excursions along the coast? Energetic visitors start off towards the lighthouse, with the desire to make Mundesley before the afternoon; but, alas! they break down at the very start. The sleep in the air overpowers them; the sweetness of the atmosphere settles them into a delightful repose; they see in the distance the ivy-covered ruin at Overstrand, the pleasant farm-lands, the country by the sea: but somewhere in a ferny corner on the Lighthouse Cliff they drop down to slumber, and there they remain until someone calls them home to lunch or dinner.

But, for all that, Cromer is in a wild state of building agitation. Bricklayers and masons are nowadays more frequently seen than fishermen and flymen. They are improving this

delightful village out of all recognition. They are putting on a brand-new chancel to the old church that has somehow squeezed itself into a toy village; they are widening the streets, they are contrasting the fine old Norfolk flint-work with modern red-brick; they have got a new railway station, with a refreshment-room and a barmaid.

I was glad at sunset to turn my back on the builder and the stonemason, the leveller and the surveyor, and to stroll homewards by the sands to the "garden of sleep." All the sea-side noise and excitement were at an end. In front of a sunset that Turner would not have despised, and by side of one of Henry Moore's seas, the last visitors in Cromer were peacefully playing lawn-tennis on the sands. The sun ere it sank behind the cliffs touched up each crag and spur of red earth with a benediction of golden colour, and the sea became a bright steely blue, with a fringe of silver for each wave. It was quiet on the sands, quiet on the cliff path, quiet as I tramped slowly homewards across the fields among the closing poppies, how much more exquisite was the sense of rest as I reached the village and found the white gate and the silent farm! The flowers were closed, the bees had left the golden marigold, whose colour was darkened in dew, the roses had dropped their heads, and only the yellow-starred evening primrose reigned peacefully over the "garden of sleep."—C. S.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived at Manchester yesterday week, and opened the new head-quarters of the 20th Lancashire Volunteers. He spoke of the remarkable success of the Volunteer movement, and said that in no part of the country had it been taken up with more spirit than in Lancashire. It would be a mistake to endeavour to make Volunteers into ordinary soldiers, but he considered them a useful adjunct to the regular forces, and he believed they were animated by the spirit and instinct of soldiers. In the evening the Duke dined with the Mayor at the Townhall. On Saturday last his Royal Highness held a review of Volunteers and Regulars.

Mr. Alderman De Keyser was unanimously adopted by the Liverymen of London on Thursday week as the Lord Mayor for the coming year, in succession to Sir Reginald Hanson. Some question having been raised with regard to the religious belief of the alderman, he declared that in his official capacity he recognised but one Church—the Established Church of the country; while in the cause of charity, philanthropy, and education he observed no religious distinctions whatsoever. Mr. De Keyser is a Belgian by birth, and is the first Roman Catholic who has filled the office of chief magistrate in London since the Reformation. At the Common Hall, when the Livery returned the name of the alderman of their choice to the Court of Aldermen, they also passed a cordial vote of thanks to the present Lord Mayor, Sir Reginald Hanson.—Major Horatio D. Davies and Mr. W. A. Higgs, the Sheriffs-Elect of London and Middlesex, were formally installed in office at the Guildhall on Wednesday week.



Caution to Parents.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients: hence frequently, the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that ARTIFICIALLY COLOURED SOAPS are FREQUENTLY POISONOUS, particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very white Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap very injurious to the Skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the Skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP

IS RECOMMENDED AS ABSOLUTELY PURE;
FREE FROM EXCESS OF ALKALI (SODA),
AND FROM ARTIFICIAL COLOURING MATTER.
IT IS DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED, REMARKABLY DURABLE,
AND HAS BEEN IN GOOD REPUTE NEARLY 100 YEARS,
AND OBTAINED

FIFTEEN International Prize MEDALS

FROM

Professor John Attfield, F.R.S.,

Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

"I HAVE annually, for the past ten years, made an independent analysis of your TRANSPARENT SOAP, and have not found it to vary in quality or in composition. It contains neither excess of alkali nor of moisture, and it is free from artificial colouring matter. A BETTER, PURER, OR MORE USEFULLY DURABLE SOAP CANNOT BE MADE."

A. & F. PEARS,

Soap Makers by Appointment to H.M. the Prince of Wales,

91, Great Russell Street,
LONDON, W.C.

Sold Everywhere, but INSIST on having the GENUINE.



Pure, Fragrant & Durable—No Artificial Colouring.

May be used to the thinness of a wafer—No Waste.



DARTMOOR STREAMS AND ROCKS.

The Rambling Sketches of an Artist in search of picturesque bits of scenery find in the south-western peninsula of England, including Devonshire and Cornwall and part of Somerset, a great variety of landscape, owing to the diversities of geological formation. We need not here speak of the seacoasts, which both on the shores of the British Channel, opening to the Atlantic Ocean, and on those of the Bristol Channel, present cliff formations of many different kinds of rock, with an entire absence of the chalk that terminates at

Lyme Regis. The inland scenery of West Somerset and of Devonshire is largely dominated by two grand masses of highlands, Exmoor and Dartmoor, the former composed, mainly of red sandstone, the latter of granite, which, though quite separate, occupy successively much space from the Quantocks range, north of Taunton, across the central part of Devon, to the "South Hams," descending there, above Ashburton and Tavistock, into a beautiful country of the softest and richest verdure. Dartmoor, extending twenty-five miles from north to south, and twenty miles from east to west, is, on the average, 1200 feet above sea-level, and rises to 2000 feet in several of its highest peaks, which cannot, however, be reckoned as distinct mountains. They are, with few exceptions, called "tors," being the crags of grey granite which seem to break out, at numerous elevated points, on the crests of the huge billows of brown moorland, and which have been chopped into fantastic shapes by the effects of the weather in that rainy region. The disintegration of this sort of granite, by water and by the atmosphere, is testified by heaps of loose stones, some of enormous size, lying scattered at the feet of the tors, which look as if they were the remains of mountains knocked to

pieces by the blows of an almighty hammer. You may wander all day among the silent and lonely upland valleys, surrounded everywhere by the diverse ranges of tors, while the aspect of the land about you changes only from peat bogs, and patches of wild grass, or fern, around the water-springs, to slopes of gorse and heather where the rising ground is dry. Those ramparts of granite encircle large pieces of moist peat, not always safe to walk upon, with pools of water stained a deep brown, which are the sources of fifty rivers and streams of North, South, and West Devon. From Cranmere Pool, within a space of a few square miles, the Taw and the Ockment, a tributary of the Torridge, flow northward to the Bristol Channel; the Teign and the Dart, or at least one of the streams bearing each of those names, flow to the south-east, reaching the sea above and below Torbay; and the Tavy descends to join the Tamar, on the border of Cornwall, issuing in Plymouth Sound. In general, the upper moorland, except where the interesting tors are in sight, has a dreary and forlorn appearance. There are no trees growing in the open parts; but Wistman's Wood, in the rocky ravine of the West Dart, is a wonderful natural curiosity; the dwarf oaks, forcing themselves up through heaps of stone, have their twisted branches thickly clothed with an overgrowth of moss and lichen. The North and South Teign, on the eastern border of Dartmoor, present more beauty of scenery. Chagford is a pleasant village for summer resort, and is accessible by railway. The Teign, from Chagford to Fingle Bridge, Drewsteignton, and Dunsford Bridge, seven miles from Exeter, and thence, southward, by Christow, to Chudleigh, and to Newton Abbot, is one of the most charming small rivers in England. Its tributary, the Bovey, passing through Lustleigh Cleave, is a romantic stream, of which our Artist gives us a characteristic sketch, though the granite blocks are represented of a darker colour, in the Engraving, than is seen in nature. There is a branch railway from Newton Abbot, on the South Devon line, by which it is easy to reach these places; but the north-western part of Dartmoor must be approached from Okehampton, or from Tavistock and Lidford.



THE BOVEY.



HOLLY-STREET MILL, CHAGFORD.

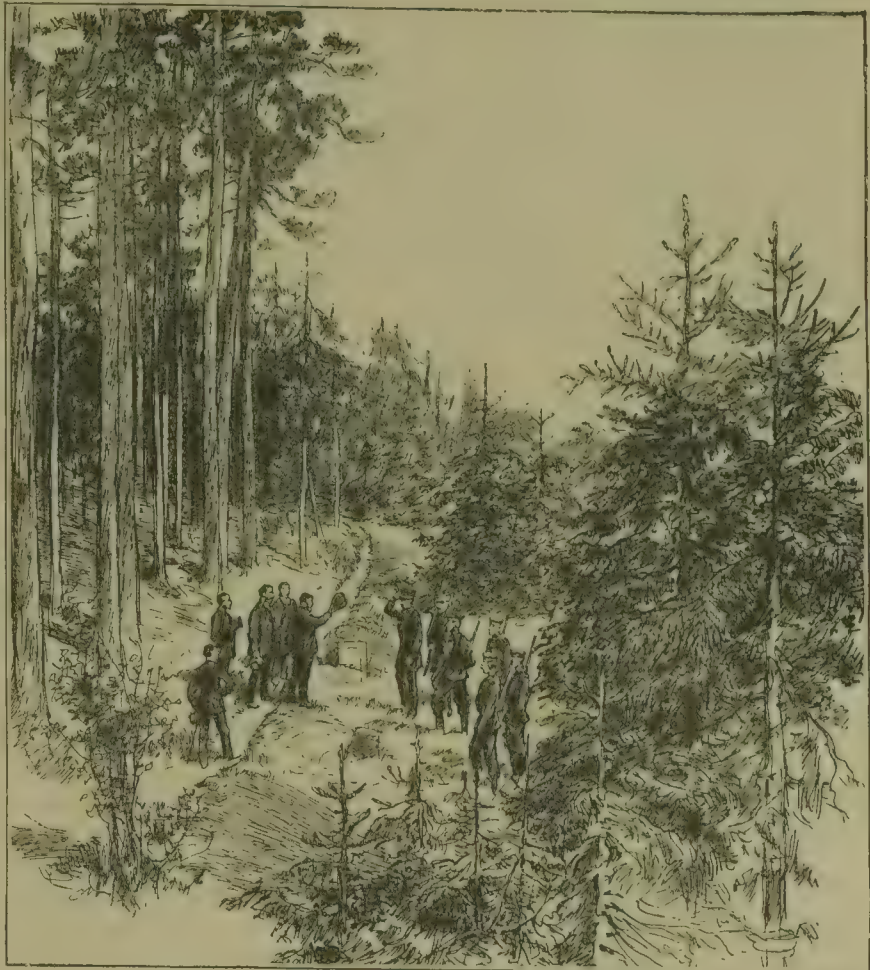
THE OUTRAGE ON THE FRENCH FRONTIER.

An outrageous and homicidal act, perpetrated by a German soldier on the French frontier, though not apparently under military orders, has excited much indignation. It took place on Saturday, the 24th ult., in the woods near the French villages of Vexaincourt and Luvigny, in the region of the Vosges mountains, adjacent to the boundary of Alsace, which is now under German rule.

M. Le Bègue, of Nancy, manager of the Credit Bank in that city, was passing his holidays in that neighbourhood. He invited several friends to join him for a day's shooting, one being M. De Wangen, a young officer of the 12th Dragoons, whose family, usually residing at Nancy, were staying at Luvigny. The others were M. Brignon, a clerk in a brewery at Raon-les-Léau; M. Valentin, of Luvigny; and M. Arnous, a retired artillery officer, living at Raon-sur-Plaine. The ladies of their respective families were to meet them and give them a picnic breakfast, at noon, at a certain place in the woods. The party of five sportsmen, attended by two beaters for game, starting from Luvigny, had been out since six o'clock in the morning. They were on a broad, well-known path, seven or eight mètres wide, going over the wooded hill, on French territory, the German frontier line, which runs nearly parallel with this path, being a few yards to the east, and on their left hand as they walked. On that side of the path, at the top of the hill, the ground had been cleared of trees, so that their figures could be distinctly seen from the

lower part of the slope on the German side, where there are portions of the wood still standing, from sixty to eighty mètres distant. The Frenchmen were passing quietly along the path, to meet their friends and breakfast; they went in single file, M. Le Bègue going first, then M. Valentin, then M. Arnous, then M. De Wangen, lastly M. Brignon and the two attendants. They saw no person, and heard no voice. If any call had been uttered, from the wood not a hundred yards distant, on the German side, they would have heard it, as they had just been stopping and listening to the barking of the dogs which M. Le Bègue had left at Glacimont, a mile and a half behind them. Suddenly, when they were descending from the cleared summit of the hill, and were about to re-enter the standing woods, still keeping to the French side, a shot was fired at them, and a bullet whizzed over their heads. Within fifteen or twenty seconds there was another shot, which struck M. Brignon in the left groin; the bullet went quite through his body, cutting the femoral artery, and came out

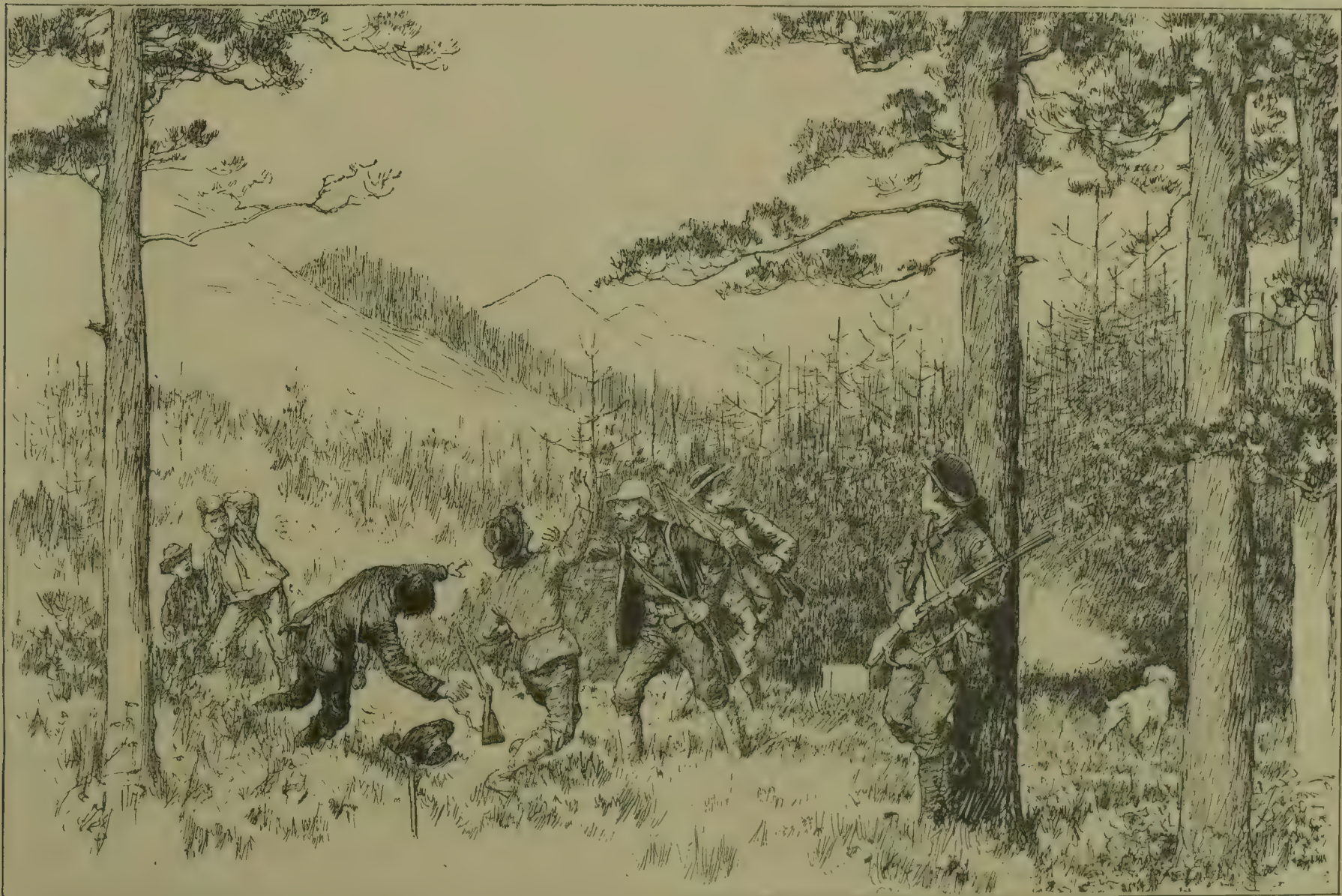
behind. He cried out, "The villains have killed me," and fell. Instantly, there was a third shot, wounding M. De Wangen in the thigh, a little above the knee, the bullet tearing out a great hole at the back of his leg. The persons who fired these shots could not be seen, but the smoke of rifles was seen issuing from the German wood. At the third shot, all M. Le Bègue's companions who were still unhurt ran away, fearing that they would all be killed. He stayed, and lent his handkerchief to bind up M. De Wangen's leg, to stop the flow of blood, but could do nothing for the much worse wound of M. Brignon. The Germans did not come forward to render any assistance, or to offer any explanation of the murderous deed. In about a quarter of an hour, the Frenchmen who had run away came back; and M. Le Bègue then left them to take care of the wounded, and hastened on to get more effectual help. He found the ladies, amongst whom was the Baroness De Wangen, the mother of his young friend, waiting for the arrival of the sportsmen to breakfast, for which they had kindled a fire in the woods. He met a man who undertook to go to Luvigny, to call the Sister of Charity dwelling there, who had much experience of nursing wounded soldiers in the war time, and knew a little of surgery. Towards one o'clock—the shooting had happened at twenty minutes past eleven—he reached Vexaincourt, which is seven kilomètres from the spot where it occurred, and he was there enabled, after a delay of half an hour, to procure a vehicle of some kind. The Mayor of Vexaincourt, and the brigadier of the Garde Forestière, accompanied him on his return to the woods. At the Lamex saw-mills, they encountered the sad procession carrying Brignon, on a litter which they had made of boughs, and De Wangen on men's shoulders. The Sister of Mercy was now with them; she said that De Wangen's wound was not dangerous, and that the bone of his leg was untouched; but she did not think Brignon could live. In fact, the poor fellow died within a few yards of the door of his own house, where he had a wife and four children. M. De Wangen is now being nursed by his mother and sister at Luvigny. The public mind in France has naturally been excited by this atrocious, cruel, and cowardly action, for which no excuse can possibly be made. The Frenchmen were neither poachers nor trespassers; nor, if they had been, could it have been justifiable to shoot at them. The man who killed poor Brignon, and who fired the three shots from his repeating rifle, was a soldier of the German army, Richard



THE FRENCH PROCUREUR-GENÉRAL OF NANCY, MEETING THE GERMAN COMMISSARY OF POLICE, AT THE SCENE OF THE OUTRAGE.

Kaufmann, a Jäger, from the garrison at Saverne. He had been appointed to go with the German forest-guards, whose duty it was to prevent poaching; but he was more especially to look out for deserters from the German army who might attempt to get away over the frontier. He declares that he called on the Frenchmen to stop, as they had been trespassing. It is reported, from Berlin and Paris, that Prince Bismarck has informed the French Ambassador that the German Government will at once pay compensation to the family of Brignon, and that Kaufmann will be tried by court-martial for his crime.

The Engravings which appear on a preceding page are borrowed from our Paris contemporary, *L'Illustration*, of the 1st inst. One represents the party of French sportsmen, at the edge of the clearing in the wood, at the moment after they had been fired at. M. Brignon, mortally wounded, is the man falling to the ground towards the left-hand side of this group; the two game-beaters or "traqueurs" are running away further



THE PARTY OF FRENCH SPORTSMEN FIRED ON: BRIGNON AND DE WANGEN WOUNDED.

to the left. Young M. De Wange is also represented as falling, with a wound in his left leg; his companions, M. Valentin and M. Arnous, are coming to his assistance, one of them trying to hold him up. M. Le Bègue is leaning against a fir-tree, with his gun in hand, gazing intently in the direction of their foes, and ready, as he says, to return their fire if the attack had been renewed. His dog is anxiously looking into the wood. The Germans are quite out of sight amongst the trees on the right-hand side, but the flash of the third shot is visible through the thicket. The square block of stone, between two trees near the right-hand side in this Engraving, is the "borne-frontière," one of the official landmarks of the Franco-German boundary. All the ground shown to the left-hand of this stone belongs to the French territory, on which runs the public path commonly known to French people in the neighbourhood as "la ligne," which M. Le Bègue's party were descending. Its aspect is better seen in the other Engraving, which represents the interview, a day or two afterwards, between M. De Sadoul, the Procureur-Général of Nancy, with four official attendants, and the German Commissary of Police, Von Schirmeck, who was in full military uniform, and brought with him an armed force of fifteen German forest-guards. This conference did not elicit any information, the German officer simply asserting that the soldier had done no more than his duty as a frontier-

hill. The precise spot from which Kaufmann fired his murderous shots is marked on the Plan. He aimed, across the open space, at a distance not exceeding eighty-seven yards (eighty mètres), at the innocent and unsuspecting Frenchmen, just before they reached the boundary-stone. If it be pretended that they had, at an earlier hour of the morning, trespassed somewhere on German territory—of which no proof has been offered—it is nevertheless certain that they were on French soil when they were attacked. M. Brignon, on being wounded, seems to have staggered a few paces aside, to the right hand, off the path, the Plan showing exactly where he fell, and the trunk of a tree on which his friends placed him sitting. The two Sketches were taken by M. Clair-Guyot, special artist of *L'Illustration*, from the points of view marked by stars on this Plan. The portrait of M. De Wange, who belongs to a noble family of Alsace, the Barons De Wange of Geroldseck, now residing in France, is from a photograph by M. Barco, of Nancy. This young French officer's wound is in a fair way to be cured, and his family refuse to accept pecuniary compensation from the German Government.

THE MEDICAL SESSION.

Owing to Oct. 1 falling this year on a Saturday, the usual inaugural addresses on the opening of the schools attached to the metropolitan hospitals were delivered on Monday, with two exceptions. At St. Thomas's Hospital, Mr. R. W. Reid on Saturday afternoon gave the address, in which he urged the importance of the study of anatomy as a means of mental training, as well as acquiring a knowledge of the structure of the body. The address at the London School of Medicine for Women was given the same afternoon by Mrs. Scharlieb, who pointed out the several qualifications necessary to women in hospital work.

Addresses on the opening of the coming winter session were given on Monday at most of the medical schools. At King's College the Earl of Selborne presided, on the occasion of Professor Lowne's address, and distributed the prizes gained during the preceding session. The Lord Mayor presented the awards to pupils at the Middlesex Hospital. At the Royal Veterinary College Earl Spencer presided, and introduced Professor Browne, who gave the opening address. Dr. H. Radcliffe Crocker gave the address at University College; Dr. Sturges, at Westminster Hospital; Mr. C. T. Dent, at St. George's; and Mr. Anderson Critchett, at St. Mary's. At the London Homeopathic Hospital the Hahnemann Oration was given by Dr. R. F. Dudgeon.

The tenth biennial festival of the old students of the London Hospital Medical College was held on Monday night, in the library of the new buildings opened last May by the Prince of Wales. Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., presided.

At Guy's Hospital Medical School the Entrance Scholarship in Arts, of 125 guineas, has been awarded to Mr. Richard Lewthell Wason; and the Entrance Scholarship in Science, of 125 guineas, to Mr. Alfred Theodore Rake.

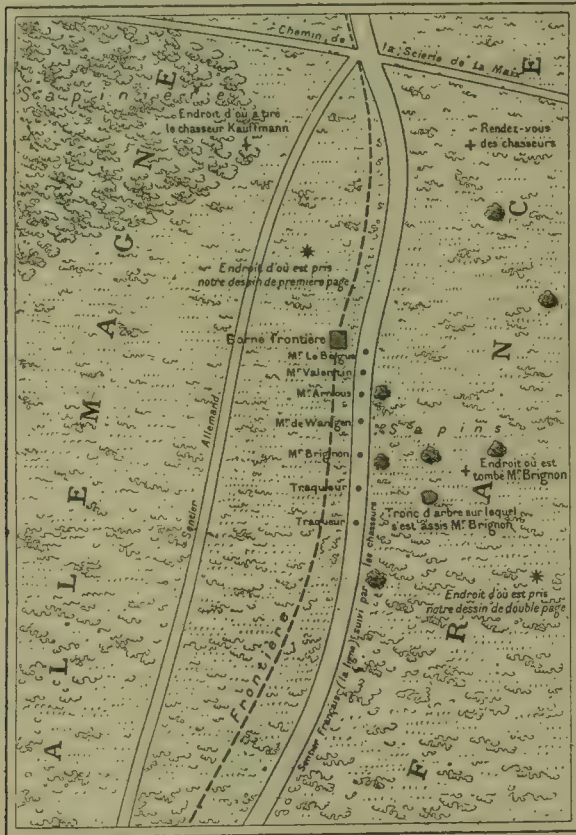
By a slip of the pen the name of Colman was substituted for that of Congreve, as author of "The Mourning Bride" in a few of our early copies last week.

In Phoenix Park, Dublin, last Saturday, in the presence of 10,000 people, the Military Champion Polo Cup was won by the 16th Lancers, who beat the 3rd Hussars by seven goals to four.

At an open-air meeting held on Saturday afternoon in the grounds of Raleigh House, Lambeth, the Marquis of Carmarthen presiding, resolutions were passed to raise a fund by subscription towards the purchase of the place, and to memorialise the Board of Works to assist in obtaining it for a public park.

The Earl of Coventry, Master of the Hounds, opened the forest hunting with the Royal stag-hounds on Tuesday morning. The meet was at Ascot-heath, where a large field assembled. The deer was uncaptured at Gravel-hill, and gave a capital run in Windsor Forest district, by Bracknell, East Hampstead, and back to Swinley Paddock, where it was taken after a good day's sport.

We are requested to announce that the Commissioners of her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings intend to distribute this autumn among the working classes and the poor inhabitants of London the surplus bedding-out plants in Battersea, Hyde, the Regent's, and Victoria Parks, and in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and the Pleasure Gardens at Hampton Court. If the clergy, school committees, and others interested will make application to the superintendent of the park nearest to their respective parishes, or to the director of the Royal Gardens, Kew, or to the superintendent of Hampton Court Gardens, in the cases of persons residing in those neighbourhoods, they will receive early intimation of the number of plants that can be allotted to each applicant, and of the time and manner of their distribution.



PLAN SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE FRENCHMEN, WHEN FIRED AT BY THE GERMAN SOLDIER.

guard. The Frenchmen, as was becoming in members of the French civil magistracy, behaved politely and courteously, taking off their hats to the representative of Germany, whose demeanour was stiff and rigid. Our readers will find it useful to inspect the correct plan of the locality, which we have copied from *L'Illustration*, and in which the explanations are set forth in the French language. The descent of the hill, to the south, is towards the top of this Plan as engraved. It will be observed that there are two separate public paths, the "sentier Allemand" or German path, and the "sentier Français," nearly parallel, going down the hill over ground which has been cleared of trees on the eastern side. The international frontier line is plainly indicated by the line of dots or short dashes running within a very few yards of the French path. It was always on the left hand of the French gentlemen as they walked down, M. Le Bègue leading the party in single file, towards the spot where the ladies had provided their breakfast, which is marked as the "rendez-vous des chasseurs," near the road leading to the "scierie," or saw-mills, of Lamaix. It was nearly opposite to this spot, within a hundred yards of the intended harmless picnic festivity, that the German frontier guard assembled under cover of a piece of standing woods near the German footpath, at the bottom of the

ARCHERY.

Four events of importance took place in Beldington Park, last Saturday. At 11.30 a.m. the Surrey Bowmen and their visitors began the third York round meeting of the closing season, ten shooters taking their places at the targets. On the completion of their first distance—six dozen arrows at 100 yards—the contestants and others were entertained to luncheon in the pavilion of the Beldington Park Archers, by the Rev. Canon Bridges, who allows the society the free use of one of the most perfect grounds available for archery and lawn-tennis. Then came the second event in the day's proceedings—the handicap meeting of the Beldington Club, nineteen gentlemen shooting the latter half of the York round (at 80 yards and 60 yards), and thirty-five ladies the National round (60 yards and 50 yards). These distances were adopted also as the basis of the third simultaneous contest—the return-match between Surrey and Kent, in which the ladies numbered thirteen and the gentlemen five (nine a side); and, as a concluding feature of an interesting day's competition, the Grand National Society's bronze medals for Surrey (ladies and gentlemen) were shot for under the regulations laid down for that purpose by the National Association, the longest distance by gentlemen (100 yards) being completed concurrently with the shooting of that range by the Surrey Bowmen, and the other distances, composing the York and National rounds, being shot side by side, as it were, with the three contests already alluded to. Altogether the programme was unusually extended and attractive, and was productive of some spirited and skilful competitions. The bronze medals were won by Miss F. Bardswell (Wimbledon Archers), and by Mr. C. E. Nesham, hon. secretary of the Surrey Bowmen and of the Royal Toxophilite Society. In the return-match Kent vanquished Surrey with a majority of 252; the leading score for the former county being Miss F. Bardswell's, and for the latter Miss Aislabe's. The honours of the day, as far as the Surrey Bowmen were concerned, were the subjoined awards:—First and second subscription golds, Mr. T. T. S. Metcalfe and Mr. Bridges; while the season prizes were—Gold badge, Mr. Nesham; silver badge, Mr. Brodie Hoare; and bronze medal, Captain Connor. The Beldington Park Society marked their handicap competition by the adjudication of prizes as follows:—First handicap score, Captain Connor; second, ditto, Mr. Brough Maltby; second (open), Miss Field; third (open), Miss Kinahan; best golds, Mrs. R. Potts and Miss Aislabe; fourth, fifth, and sixth handicap scores, Miss Bardswell, Mrs. Berens, and Mrs. Nesham; second golds, Mr. J. H. Bridges and Miss Nicholson; most golds, Miss Carlisle; and best unrewarded scores (National rounds), Miss F. Shuter and Mr. Nesham. Taking the entire York round, the highest totals compiled were Mr. Nesham's and Mr. Metcalfe's. Having regard to the three separate distances, Mr. Nesham headed the records at 100 yards, Mr. F. L. Govett at 80 yards, and Mr. Metcalfe at 60 yards.

Mr. Nesham's day with the Royal Toxophilite Society in their grounds, Regent's Park, when a silver cup was given by the host of the day to the maker of the highest handicap score, led to an entry of sixteen competitors, who included some well-known shots. The York Bowl was productive of good scores. The handicap was led by Mr. Nesham, who was valued at 457; and Colonel Lewin, who was valued at 300, having made 420, became the winner of the silver cup for his highest handicap score of 577. The first subscription gold was won by Mr. H. H. Longman, and second gold prize by Mr. Metcalfe.

The Duke of Bedford has contributed £400, Mr. Leopold De Rothschild, £200, the Marquis of Tavistock, £100, and Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., £25 towards a fund being raised in Leighton Buzzard for the purchase by the town of the Working Men's Institute building, at present the property of Mr. Theodore Harris, President of the Institute. The value of the property is estimated at £3000, but it is to be disposed of to the town for £1000.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contained her Majesty's appointment of a Commission to obtain and distribute full information as to the best mode of procuring and forwarding to Melbourne for exhibition the products of the manufacturing and agricultural industry of the United Kingdom, and its Colonies and dependencies; to assist with their advice and co-operation, and generally to promote the success of the Exhibition in Victoria. The Commissioners are:—The Prince of Wales (honorary president), the Earl of Rosebery (president and chairman), the Marquis of Hartington, the Earl of Carnarvon, the Earl of Onslow, the Earl of Dunraven, Earl Granville, the Earl of Kimberley, Lord Brassey, Lord Armstrong, Sir Henry Holland, M.P., Mr. Edward Stanhope, M.P., Mr. Childers, M.P., Sir John Rose, Sir Reginald Hanson, Sir Charles Tennant, Sir Frederic Leighton, Sir Andrew Clarke, Sir Graham Berry, Sir John Gilbert, Sir James D. Linton, Mr. W. T. Thistleton Dyer, Mr. John Robert Seeley, and Mr. William Agnew. Major Herbert Jekyll, R.E., is appointed secretary.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available eight days. Cheap Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between London and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., available to return by any Train from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Returning from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central Station) by the 3.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car 12s., also available for return (First Class) by any other Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM. EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.45 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon.

Return Tickets, available to return by any Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton—First Class, half-a-guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

FOR FULL particulars see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 29, Regent-circus. Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square. Hays Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Luggage-circus Office. (By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

STOUT PERSONS

Can obtain advice free How to reduce weight and cure Obesity by the only sure method. Strict Diet and nauseous Drugs unnecessary. New Treatise, with full instructions How to Act, sent in sealed envelope for 5 stamps.—E. K. LYNTON, Bloomsbury Mansions, Bloomsbury, London.

BENSDORP'S CELEBRATED ROYAL DUTCH COCOA.

PURE SOLUBLE

This Cocoa is considered by eminent men and Cocoa Drinkers "the CHEAPEST," "the STRONGEST," and "PUREST." One Pound tin produces 100 cups. Price 3s., 1lb. tin; 1s. 7d., ½ lb. tin; and 10d., ¼ lb. tin. Any quantity of Samples to prove to the public the real value of this celebrated article free on application.

BENSDORP and CO., 7, ST. PAUL'S-CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C. (late Newgate-street), and Amsterdam, Holland. Please mention this paper.

FRY'S

PURE

CONCENTRATED

COCOA.

"I consider it a very rich, delicious Cocoa. It is highly concentrated, and therefore economical as a family food. It is the drink par excellence for children, and gives no trouble in making."—W. H. R. STANLEY, M.D.

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE

music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. Anyone can play upon them. No knowledge of music is required by the player. British Patent, No. 4492. German Patent, No. 24110.

ENORMOUS DEMAND! SELLING IN THOUSANDS!!

Our "Gem" Melodeon, 6s. 6d.; our "Miniature" Melodeon, 9s. 6d.; our "Paragon" Melodeon, 13s. 6d.; and our Grand "Favourite" Melodeon, 15s. 6d.

Any of the above on receipt of P.O.O. for the amount; worth double. We have received the unprecedented number of One Hundred Thousand Testimonials and Press Notices. Read the following Editorial Notices of Campbell's Melodeons.—The Editor of the London "Weekly Times" says:—"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power the sweet, ness of the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art. No lover of real music could find fault with the Melodeon. The Editor of the "Christian Age" says:—"Having seen a Melodeon, we can fully confirm the worth of it, and its perfectly genuine character for fine tone, elegance, and portability."

Price-List for Season 1887-88, now ready. One Hundred Thousand of these valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send one Penny Stamp to CAMPBELL and CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Tringate, Glasgow. Established 50 years.

MAKES CHEERFUL

An Unparalleled Offer to the Readers of the "Illustrated London News."

HAPPY HOMES.

PERFECT PURITY GUARANTEED.

BUSHMILLS PURE OLD MALT WHISKY.

FIRST PRIZE MEDAL, CORK, 1833.

GOLD MEDAL, LIVERPOOL, 1886.

DIPLOMA OF HONOR, PARIS, 1886.

This Whisky is said by the Medical Faculty to be superior to the finest French Brandy, and as such will be found excellent for invalids.

Dr. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A., F.C.S., writing on Alcohol in the year 1860, says:—"THE BUSHMILLS—This spirit is said by many to claim pre-eminence over all others in the same manner that genuine Holland is considered superior to any Gins made in this country."

MAY BE HAD IN CASES AND CASKS.

For Samples and Quotations apply to the

BUSHMILLS OLD DISTILLERY CO. (LIMITED).

Offices and Stores: HILL-STREET, BELFAST.

PETER ROBINSON,
OXFORD-ST.

AUTUMN SEASON.

YACHTING COSTUMES,
from £1 15s.

TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES,
from £2 12s. 6d.

NEW BRAIDED COSTUMES,
from £3 3s.

BLACK LACE COSTUMES,
from £1 11s. 6d.

NEW AUTUMN and WINTER
JACKETS, from 1 to 5 guineas.

TRAVELLING CLOAKS,
ULSTERS, COATS, &c., from £1 11s. 6d.

CHEAP MATERIALS for
AUTUMN WEAR, from 9d. per yard.

PATTERNS & ILLUSTRATIONS
FREE.

PETER ROBINSON,
OXFORD-ST.

LAIRITZ'S
CELEBRATED
PINE-WOOL
PRODUCTIONS.



MEDICAL PREPARATIONS
AND FLANNELS,
and all kinds of LADIES' and
GENTS' UNDERCLOTHING.

GREAT ANTI-GOUT
AND
RHEUMATIC REMEDIES.

The finest Preventive against
Golds, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and
Toothache ever introduced to
the changeable climate of
England. Everyone should
use them and judge for them-
selves.

None genuine unless stamped with
Trade-Mark and Signature as above.
To be obtained of all respectable Chemists, Hosiers,
and Drapers.
Write for all Information, Medical Testimonials, as well
as for Supply, to
15 and 16, STRAND, W.C.; and
33, QUEEN VICTORIA-ST., LONDON, E.C.

ENORMOUS SUCCESS!

A magnificent photographic picture of the
"ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN,"
containing twenty-three likenesses, mounted on tinted
boards, published at One Shilling; wholesale price, 6s.
per doz. An edition, Quarto Royal, on strong black
mounts, with gilt edges, published at Two Shillings;
wholesale price, 12s. per doz. A sample copy of each,
post-free, for 1s. 6d. THESE ARE REALLY WORKS OF ART.
EDWARD THIELE,
318, CITY-ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion
and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa,
Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may
save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease.
Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak
point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood
and a properly nourished frame."—The Civil Service Gazette.

GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE

(LIMITED),
LATE A. B. SAVORY AND SONS,

SILVER AND BEST SILVER-PLATED MANUFACTURERS.

11 & 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

(Opposite the Bank of England.)



ALCESTER PATTERN.

Massive Silver Bowl, richly chased, gilt inside,
on ebonized plinth, to hold 9 pints ... £20 0 0
Larger size, ditto, 13 pints ... 25 10 0

THE STOCK CONTAINS
SPOONS & FORKS.
TEA & COFFEE SERVICES.
WAITERS & TRAYS.
CLARET JUGS & GOBLETS.
CRUET & BREAKFAST FRAMES.
INKSTANDS, CANDLESTICKS, &c.

A new Pamphlet of Prices, Illustrated with
over 500 Engravings, will be forwarded, post-
free on application.

LICENSED APPRAISERS.
VALUATIONS MADE FOR PROBATE.
DIVISIONS OF FAMILY PLATE ARRANGED.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS
ARE THE BEST.

Prepared by a new and special scientific
process. Medical opinion recommends
them for the Health. Public opinion all
over the world unanimous that they are
unrivalled for Comfort, Fit, Style, and
Durability. Sold all over Europe and
everywhere in India and Colonies. Name
and Trade-Mark (Anchor) on every pair
and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for
IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you
get them, as bad makes are often sold for
sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet
of drawings.

E. IZOD & SON,
30, MILK-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS.

AU PRINTEMPS.
JULES JALUZOT & Co.,
GRANDS MAGASINS DE NOUVEAUTES,
PARIS.

A Magnificent Illustrated Album Catalogue
of Fashions and Novelties for each Season is sent gratis.
All Orders delivered in twenty-four hours (free above
20s.), by Parcels Post throughout the U.K. and Colonies.
Goods forwarded to all parts of the World.



MOORING FOR FAMILIES.



JAY'S
experienced
DRESSMAKERS
and
MILLINERS
Travel to any part of
the Kingdom,
Free of expense to
purchasers.
They take with them
Dresses and
Millinery, besides
Patterns of Materials,
at 1s. per yard and
upwards,
all marked in plain
figures, and at same
price as if purchased
at the Warehouse, in
Regent-street.
Reasonable estimates
are also given for
Household Mourning,
at a great saving to
large or small families.
Funerals at stated
charges conducted in
London or Country.

JAY'S,
The London General Mourning Warehouse,
REGENT-STREET, W.

EVERYONE SHOULD TRY

THESE PATENT
PERRYIAN PLANISHED
POINTED PENS.

They are simply perfection for those persons who
write rapidly. It is almost impossible to make
them stick in the paper, spurt, or blot, and they
do not require dipping nearly as often as
other Pens.

Price 1s. per Box, or 3s. per Gross.
Sold by all Stationers.
WHOLESALE: HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

PROVERBS.

If your business engagements are so heavy as to render
it necessary for you to toil on till midnight, restore
brain and nerve waste by taking

HOP BITTERS,
which are never known to fail.

If you suffer from Indigestion, caused by irregularity of
diet or overwork, take at once

HOP BITTERS,
which will restore you. See Green Hop Cluster label
on bottle.

When the brain is wearied, the nerves unstrung, the
muscles all weak, use

HOP BITTERS,
which will restore the waste tissues.

That low, nervous fever, want of sleep, call for

HOP BITTERS,
which, by giving tone to the system, induces healthy
sleep. Not genuine without Green Hop Cluster on
label.

The greatest nourishing tonic, appetiser, strengthener,
and curative known is

HOP BITTERS.

Stockbrokers, Bankers, Lawyers, Merchants who find it
difficult to shake off their anxieties, even after business-
hours, should take

HOP BITTERS,
which cures eczema and diseases of the skin.

Kidney and bilious complaints of all kinds permanently
cured by

HOP BITTERS,
which has effected thousands of cures.

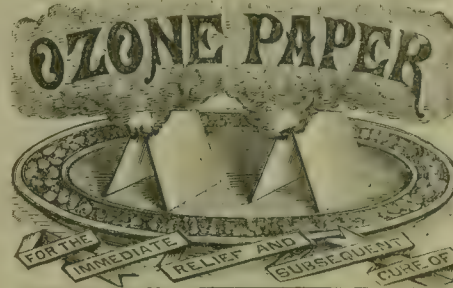
When worn out by a long day's work, what you need is

HOP BITTERS,
the most successful tonic known. Used at many of
the London Hospitals, and recommended by Physicians
of all schools.

NOTICE.

As spurious and deleterious imitations are frequently
offered for sale instead of the only genuine Hop Bitters,
patients are requested, if only in their own interests, to
send the name and address of all such vendors to the
Manager of the Hop Bitters Company, Limited, 41, Far-
rington-road, London, E.C., with a view to legal pro-
ceedings being instituted against those who infringe the
property right of the Hop Bitters Company, Limited.

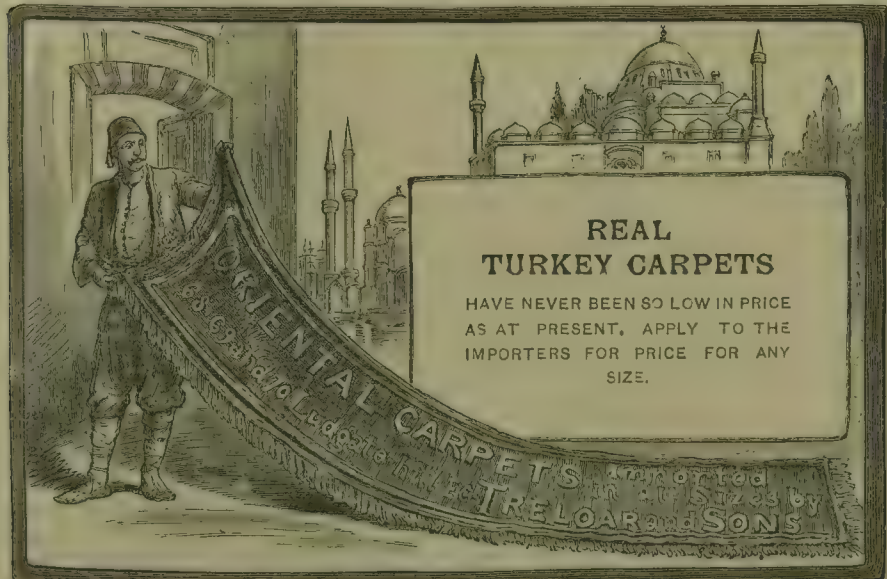
Genuine Hop Bitters is only to be had in square, amber-
coloured panellied bottles, with Dr. Soule's name blown
in the glass, and on the white label a Green Hop
cluster, with the words, "HOP BITTERS," and at its foot
our name and address, The Hop Bitters Company, Ltd.,
41, Farringdon-road, London, E.C. To be had of every
respectable Chemist and Patent Medicine Vendor
throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland. Send for
Golden Key, mailed free.



ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,
BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA
Harrison Weir, Esq., writes—"I not only use the Ozone
Paper myself, but I recommend it to all Asthmatics I meet
with as the best remedy for their complaint."
Dr. Woodward, Worcester, writes—"I have derived more
permanent benefit from using your Ozone Paper than anything
I have tried, and found the same with regard to my asthmatic
patients."
2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the
Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country
within the Postal Union.
R. HUGGINS, Chemist, 109, Strand, LONDON.

CONSUMPTION!

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its
use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long
standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith
in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE,
together with an ENTIRELY NEW AND VALUABLE
TREATISE on this Disease to any sufferer. Give
Address in full. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 5, Plum-tree-court,
Farringdon-street, London.



TRELOAR AND SONS,
68, 69, and 70, LUDGATE-HILL.

MAPPIN & WEBB, MANUFACTURERS,
Supply the Public at Warehouse Prices.



MAPPIN and WEBB'S Celebrated Services of Plate and Cutlery
in stock, in all sizes, fitted in strong oak chests,
£3 10s., £9 10s., £11 15s., £17 10s., £25, &c.
SPECIAL DETAILED LIST POST-FREE.
OXFORD-STREET, W.;
AND POULTRY, E.C., LONDON.
MANUFACTURERS:
35, King-street, Covent-garden; and Norfolk-st., Sheffield.

NEW MUSIC.

LOVE TIES. P. TOSTI.
Sung by Miss Violet Cameron, with enormous success, in "The Sultan of Moenia."

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP. ISIDORE DE LARA, Sung by Miss Helen D'Alton and Miss Latham.

CHAPPELL and CO'S PIANOFORTES, HARMONIUMS, and AMERICAN ORGANS, for Hire, Sale, or on the Three-Years' System.

CHAPPELL and CO'S IRON-FRAMED OBELIQUE PIANOFORTES, Manufactured expressly for extreme climates, from 35 Guineas. Testimonials from all parts of the World.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S CELEBRATED AMERICAN ORGANS, from 6 guineas to 250 guineas. Pronounced by the highest judges to be superior to all others in quality of tone. ILLUSTRATED LISTS, post-free. CHAPPELL and Co. 50, New Bond-street; and 15, Poultry, E.C.

METZLER and CO'S LIST.—NEW SONGS.

HAMPTON COURTHSHIP. F. CELLIER.
Sung by Miss Alice Gomes at the Promenade Concerts, Covent-Garden. Compass C to F. 2s. net.

A FADED FLOWER. R. DOYLY CARTE.
"A Faded Flower." Compass D to A. 2s. net.

THIS HEART OF MINE. LAWRENCE KELLIE.
"This Heart of Mine." Compass F to F sharp. 2s. net.

GYSIES. A. G. CROWE.
Sung on the popular Waltz. Compass C to G. 2s. net.

THE STORY OF YEARS. FRANK L. MOIR.
"The Story of Years." Compass C to D. 2s. net.

MARCH OF THE GUARDS. New March.
By LOUIS MEYER. "Will become very popular." 2s. net.

AMERICAN ORGAN JOURNAL. No. 13.
Just published, containing Jackson's "To Emma," and "Juliet's March," "Victoria Imperatrix" (Jervy Pechell), "Trumpet Blow" (Gounod), Andante Tranquillo (H. M. Higgins), "O mistress mine" (Arthur Sullivan), "Faith" (Stephen Glover), and "Les Cloches du Monastère" (Lefebvre-Wely). Price 1s. 6d. net.

METZLER'S ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC.
containing "Fairie Voices" Waltz (A. G. Crowe) and eight other select compositions. Price 1s. 6d. net.

A. G. CROWE'S POPULAR WALTZES.
"Fairie Voices," "Little Sailors," "English Beauties," "Fairie Voices," and "See-Saw." All beautifully illustrated. Price 2s. each net (vocal parts, 2d. each). METZLER and Co., 42, Great Marlborough-street, London.

Legion of Honour, 1878. Royal Portuguese Knighthood, 1883. Gold Medals and other Distinctions.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PIANOS,
18, 20, and 22, Wigmore-street, London, W. Lists free.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,
33, Great Pultney-street, London, W.
GOLD MEDAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.
GOLD MEDAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, 1883.
PIANOFORTES for SALE at from 50 to 250 guineas.
PIANOFORTES for HIRE.

MOORE and MOORE'S PIANOS
(Established 1836). Rebuilding of premises. Temporary Ware-rooms, 180-190, Bishopsgate-without, London, E.C. Reduced prices (during rebuilding only) from 20 guineas. Three Years' System from 10s. 6d. per month. Lists free.

ERARD'S PIANOS.—Messrs. ERARD, of 18, Great Marlborough-street, London, and 13, Rue de Mail, Paris, makers to Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales, CAUTION the Public that Pianofortes are being sold bearing the name of "Erard" which are not of their manufacture. For information as to authenticity apply at 18, Great Marlborough-st., where new Pianos can be obtained from 50s.

ERARD'S PIANOS.—COTTAGES, from 50 guineas.
OBELIQUE, from 85 guineas.
GRANDS, from 125 guineas.

J. B. CRAMER and CO., 207 and 209, Regent-street, London, W., have a choice selection of upwards of 100 SECONDHAND Grand, Oblique, Cottage, and Square PIANOFORTES and PLANETTES, by the great makers, at exceptionally low prices; also Fifty Church, Chamber, Cottage, and Cabinet Organs, Harmoniums, and American Organs, either for cash, by easy payments, or on their Three-Years' System.

INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.—The SILVER MEDAL has been awarded to J. B. CRAMER and CO. for "general good quality and moderate price of pianos." Price-Lists free on application.—Regent-street, W., and Moorgate-street.

£15.—OETZMANN'S £15 PIANO. 7-Octaves.
Iron plate. Thoroughly sound and strong. Warranted for twenty years. Packed free, and sent to any part. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£15.—Heads of Families and Principals of Schools should see these Pianos, as no other house has ever offered so good a PIANO at so low a price. Cash only. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£15.—These Thoroughly Sound, Substantial PIANOS can be obtained of all Pianoforte Dealers throughout the Kingdom, or, packed free, direct from the Manufacturers, THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W. No other address. Cash only.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S ANNUAL SALE of Broadwood, Collard, and Erard PIANOS returned from hire. Illustrated and descriptive catalogues post-free. All Pianos packed free and forwarded. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

BROADWOOD, COLLARD, ERARD.
An opportunity now offers to those who are able to pay cash of purchasing really good pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, at nominal prices. Descriptive Lists sent free. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£24.—BROADWOOD PIANO, full compass.
check action, iron plate, ivory keys. Quite equal to new. Cash only.—THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W. No other address. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

£25.—COLLARD and COLLARD.
Ebonised and Gilt Piano, full compass, panel front, ivory keys, iron plate. Exceptionally cheap. Cash only. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

£28.—BROADWOOD, Ebonised and Gilt PIANO. Full compass. Trichord. Check repeater action. Ivory keys, metallic plate, and all improvements. Quite equal to new. A thoroughly sound piano. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

£40.—BROADWOOD Semi-Grand PIANOFORTE, in excellent condition, in handsome rosewood case. Full compass. A great bargain. Cash only. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.
desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is 27, Baker-street, Portman-square.

PIANOS.—NOTICE.—D'ALMAINE'S GREAT SALE of PIANOS and ORGANS (in consequence of retirement of Partner) must terminate this month. In order to effect a speedy sale, no reasonable offer will be refused. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Good sound Cottages, £8, £10, £15, &c.
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 33 guineas. Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 2, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas. Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas. Organs from 4 guineas.—91, Finsbury-pavement, E.C.—Estab. 102 Years. N.B.—Trade and professional inspection invited.

PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO'S PIANOS.
EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE OR HIRE.
Illustrated Lists Free.
Sole Agency, 170, New Bond-street, W.

NEW MUSIC.

BOOSEY and CO'S NEW SONGS.

MY LADY'S BOWER.

By HOPE TEMPLE.
The Composer of "An Old Garden."

CALL ME BACK.

By DENZA.

RETURN AND STAY.

By WALTER E. ALLEN.

DREAM STARS.

By MOLLOY.

THEY ALL LOVE JACK.

By STEPHEN ADAMS.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

By STEPHEN ADAMS.

WINDS IN THE TREES.

By A. GORING THOMAS.

2s. each.—Boosey and Co., 25, Regent-street.

IRIS VALSE. By ERNEST BUCALOSS.

"One of the best from the pen of this clever composer."—Graphic.

2s.—Boosey and Co.

SAILORS' SONGS, OR CHANTIES. A

collection of Twenty-four Traditional Sailor Airs (published for the first time). Words by Frederick J. Davis, R.N.R. Music arranged by PERKINS TOZELL. "This first little volume will find universal favour amongst the blue-jackets."—Graphic. Price 2s. net.—Boosey and Co.

CAVENDISH MUSIC BOOKS.—No. 103

contains Ten Songs of the Day, including "Golden Days," and "Once Again," by Sir Arthur Sullivan, price 1s.

Boosey and Co., 25, Regent-street.

TO LADIES.—SALE OF NEW MUSIC

at a large reduction, and post-free. All new Songs, Pieces, &c., of all publishers. New copies, best editions. Prices commence 4d., 6d., 8d. Catalogues sent, post-free.

J. W. MORFATT, 280, Caledonian-road, London, N.

AIX-LES-BAINS.—Grand Hôtel Europe.

One of the most renowned and best conducted in Europe. Patronised by Royal Family. 300 sunny chambers. Refined table. Large gardens: lawn-tennis.—BERNARD, Proprietor.

ANNES.—Hôtel de la Terrasse.—Five

minutes from the Sea, on high ground at the west end, opposite Christ Church, joining the garden of the Duc de Vallombrosa. Mr. G. ESKHARDT, Proprietor, recommends his Hotel for its central position, English comfort, and moderate charges. Bath-rooms.

GENEVA.—Richmond Family Hotel.

Jardin des Alpes, border of Lake. View of Mont Blanc. Fifty rooms. Terms—Summer, 7 to 11 francs; Winter, 6 to 9 francs.

R. AMLER, of Hotel National.

LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and

Lucernerhof.—An extra floor and two new lifts added to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 200 rooms; no charge for lighting or service.

HAUSER FINNEN, Proprietors.

LUCERNE.—Pension New Schweizerhaus.

Comfortable English and American home, near Bonte and Rail. Large garden. Extensive views of Alps, lake, and town. First medical recommendations. Pension from six francs.

JOSEPH KOST, Proprietor.

MONTE CARLO.—Hôtel Victoria.—Specially

recommended to English families. All modern comforts. Three cabarets. Lawn tennis. South view of S. and T. W. Chateau position. 150 rooms. Table d'hôte. BREAD and bath-rooms.

RAY PROTHERS, Proprietor.

MONTE CARLO.

The temperature in Winter is the same as that of Nice and Cannes, and similar to that of Paris in the months of May and June; in Summer the heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes. The walks are surrounded by palm-trees, aloes, cactus, camellias, and nearly all the floral kingdom of Africa.

SEA-BATHING AT MONACO is continued during all the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.

The following superior first-class hotels are recommended:—The Grand Hôtel de Paris, and the Grand Hôtel Victoria. There are also other comfortable Hotels, Furnished Villas, and Grand Apartments.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY,

SWITZERLAND.

The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours.

Excursions to the Lake by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages. Safety brakes.

Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG,

R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeus at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last

Great Picture, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

COCKLE'S

ANTIBILIOUS

PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

FOR HEARTBURN.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR,

If your hair is turning grey, or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair-Restorer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most Restorers; it makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. "The Mexican Hair-Restorer" is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE. For the Teeth and Breath.

Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach, or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly delicious to the taste, and as harmless as seltzer. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

GREY HAIR.—ALEX. ROSS Dyes Hair

a light or dark colour. The Dye is sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Post, 5d. 8d., and 14d. stamps. The Skin Tightener, 3s. 6d.; post, 5d. 8d., and 14d. stamps.

ALEX. ROSS, 21, Lamb's Conduit-street, W.C.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken

in your rest by a sick child, suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces natural quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain; it makes the child irresistibly "as bright as a button." Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. No mother should be without it. Sold by all Medicine Dealers, at 1s. 1d.

CHATTO and WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.
Full Lists free by post.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF A CRIME." In the press, 3 vols., crown 8vo.

THE DEEMSTER.

By HALL CAINE, Author of "A Son of Hagar," &c.

MISS LINSKILL'S NEW NOVEL.

In the press, 3 vols., crown 8vo.

IN EXCHANGE FOR A SOUL.

By MARY LINSKILL, Author of "Twixt Heather and Sea," &c.

CHRISTIE MURRAY'S NEW NOVEL,

OLD BLAZER'S HERO. By D. CHRISTIE

MURRAY, Author of "Joseph's Coat," &c. With Three Illustrations by A. McCormick. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 6s.

"In Mr. Murray's best manner. . . . Decidedly a book to be read."—Athenaeum.

UNDERWOODS: Poems. By R. LOUIS

STEVENSON. Post 8vo., cloth extra, 6s.

"A book of genius. It is equal to the author's prose. It is charming from end to end. . . . Mr. Stevenson's little book is as good as good as it could be. It is literature."—Times.

RADNA; or, the Great Conspiracy of 1881.

By the Princess OLGA. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 6s.

"A more engrossing book could hardly be found. . . . Were it not for the titlepage, we should almost have set it down as being written by Gotha at her best."—Pictorial World.

BIRD LIFE IN ENGLAND. By EDWIN

LESTER ARNOLD. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 6s.

"This delightful volume, reading which one might imagine that one is listening to a smiling sportsman whose heart is open to all that flies through woods and copses, and swoops over lochs and moors."—Pall Mall Gazette.

NATURE NEAR LONDON. By RICHARD

JEFFERIES. New and cheaper Edition. Post 8vo., cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

ZEPHYRUS: A Holiday in Brazil and on

the River Plate. By E. R. PEARCE EDGUMBE. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 5s. (Preparing.)

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

Second edition, 1 vol., 8vo., 10s. 6d.,

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE.

By W. KNIGHTON, LL.D.

"This is just one of those books that we should expect to find popular."—Academy.

"This is essentially a book to set people thinking."—Daily Chronicle.

"One of the most remarkable books of the day."—National Reformer.

"This book is one which will commend itself to everyone who is interested in the manifold efforts that are being made to lighten the miseries of the poor and the oppressed. It abounds in wise suggestions and equally wise cautions. It is conceived in an admirable spirit, and is calculated, if widely circulated and read, to do a vast amount of practical good."—Scottish Review.

"The author's style is bright and vivid. His account of the heroic struggle of the Sulistotes is given very graphically, and there is much good sense in his chapters on social struggles and on the Destiny of England."—Contemporary Review.

"This work comprises within its pages so much of worldly wisdom and the recorded experience of individuals and communities in their struggles for life that the volume cannot but prove immensely attractive to the general reader. The scientific account of man's struggle with nature possesses all the charm and fascination of a novel, whilst inculcating lessons which Dr. Knighton handles with all the skill of a master of the craft. The concluding chapter on the Destiny of England is particularly good."—Express (Lancaster).

"Dr. Knighton has evidently read, observed, and reflected much about existing social phenomena. He also displays a philosophic comprehensiveness of view."—Scotsman.

WILLIAMS and NONGATE, Publishers, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

IMPORTANT HEALTH HAND-BOOK.

Just published, price 7s. 6d.

HEALTH AT SCHOOL. Considered in its

Mental, Moral, and Physical Aspects. By CLEMENT DUKES, M.D., Lond., Physician to Rugby School.

"This book appears to us to supply a want which has long been felt. It contains matter which deserves the careful study of parents, head-masters, house-masters, and form-masters alike."—Lancet.

CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate-hill, London.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

At all Libraries, in 3 vols.

LIKE AND UNLIKE. By Author of

"Lady Audley's Secret," "Mohawks," &c.

London: SPENCER BLACKETT, Successor to J. and R. Maxwell.

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA AT THE

WICKET.—One Shilling; post-free, 1s. 3d. At all Book-stalls: of the Companies, BLACKPITT and KIRBY, Hiley, Yorkshire; or of WRIGHT and Co., 41, St. Andrew's-hill, London, E.C.

1s.; or by post for 12 stamps.

NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES. By

GEORGE MOORE, M.D.

London: JAMES EPPS and Co., 170, Piccadilly.

Third Edition, post-free, twelve stamps.

SKIN DISEASES. Eczema, Psoriasis,

Acne, &c. A Practical Treatise, explaining the Causes, Treatment, and CURE of these Diseases; with Directions for Diet and Baths. By Dr. S. BERRY NIBLETT. Published by

MR. WILLIAMS, 10, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, London.

Fifteenth edition, 1s.; post-free, 12 stamps.

THE HUMAN HAIR: Why it Falls Off

or Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By PROFESSOR HARLEY PARKER. Published by E. MILLS, 21, Claverton-street, S.W. "Everybody should read this little book."—Scotsman.

THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD and

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE is the original and only recognised medium for High-class Introductions. The largest and most successful Matrimonial Agency in the World. Price 3d. in envelope. 4d.—Address, EDITOR, 40, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.

Now ready.

THE ILLUSTRATED PENNY ALMANACK

for 1888, containing Numerous Engravings from the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS; Tables of Statutes, Taxes, and Licences; Ecclesiastical, Remarkable Events, Post-Office Regulations, and a great variety of Useful and Interesting Information. The Trade supplied by G. VICKERS, Angel-court (172), Strand; and H. Williams, 48, Old Bailey, London.

NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

With his cigar in his mouth, Jeremiah stood at the table and looked on.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIFF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

MISER FAREBROTHER GIVES JEREMIAH A WARNING.

Jeremiah's "talk" with Miser Farebrother proved to be not entirely to the satisfaction of the younger juggler, and the few days of happiness which yet remained to Phoebe were not disturbed by any intimation of the conspiracy into which the two men had entered, the successful issue of which would result in the destruction of the fondest hopes of her life. Jeremiah was impatient, and eager that Phoebe should be recalled home immediately; but Miser Farebrother would not have it so. Of the two he was infinitely the more wily and astute, and he dropped pearls of wisdom for the benefit of his crafty managing clerk. It told rather against Jeremiah that in the account he gave of his interviews with the Lethbridge party on the previous night he should accentuate every unpleasant and disagreeable word to which he had given utterance; he had an idea that by so doing he was impressing the miser with a deep sense of his wit and cleverness; the fact being that he produced quite an opposite effect.

"Never startle your game, Jeremiah," said Miser Farebrother. "A skilful sportsman goes quietly and patiently to work. I have not been in the habit of suddenly summoning my daughter from London, after having given her permission to remain there for a stated time. To do so now would only excite suspicion, and strengthen perhaps any opposition we have to meet with. Last night's proceedings are not in your favour. You spoke sarcastically, and made yourself generally objectionable. The tongue of that clever young person, Miss Fauny Lethbridge, must have wagged rarely against you after you took your departure. You rubbed them the wrong way, Jeremiah—a mistake, a great mistake! Instead of oil, you used vinegar. 'Tis a million to one that the lawyer scoundrel saw through you; you made an enemy of him when you might have thrown dust into his eyes."

"What does it matter?" said Jeremiah, rather sulkily. "I'm not afraid of him."

"It matters everything," retorted Miser Farebrother. "It matters that you exposed your hand, and gave your rival the advantage over you."

"My rival!" cried Jeremiah, with a dark frown.

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" said Miser Farebrother, with a certain sly satisfaction at Jeremiah's discomposure. For himself, he was easy in his mind with respect to Phoebe. He had her oath, sworn upon her dead mother's prayer-book, that she would not marry without his consent, and he knew that she would rather die than break it. Jeremiah was not cognisant of this sacred promise, so cunningly wrung by Miser Farebrother from his daughter, and the miser, secure in the knowledge, could afford to laugh at his intriguing clerk, who thought himself his master's equal in duplicity. In Miser Farebrother's feelings there was something of the delight and the triumph which one rogue experiences when he overreaches another. "It looks like it, doesn't it? And we mustn't lose sight of the uncomfortable fact that Mr. Cornwall looks like a gentleman, while you, Jeremiah, you—not to mince the

matter—look quite the other thing." He rubbed his hands with a sense of great enjoyment, and proceeded. "There you were, Jeremiah, sitting in the pit, all the time this fine lawyer-gentleman was paying court to your sweetheart in a private box. And she blushing and hanging her head the while, and our dear friends the Lethbridges!"

"Damn them!" interposed Jeremiah, the blurring out of the expletive being some slight relief to his feelings.

"With all my heart! Damn them behind their backs, but bless them to their faces. That is the true and wise policy of life. Never take off your mask, unless you are alone, or with me, Jeremiah. And there, as I was saying, while my daughter was blushing and hanging her head at the honeyed nonsense the gentleman lawyer was pouring into her ears, were our dear friends the Lethbridges holding back, and doing all they could to break your tender heart. You owe them a good turn, Jeremiah."

"I will pay what I owe," said Jeremiah, fiercely. "They are working against me, and they shall live to rue it. When they play with men like me they play with edged tools. But doesn't all this go to prove that you should summon Miss Phoebe home at once—this very day?"

"No; it only goes to prove that I know how to conduct this matter better than you do. My daughter will return home on Tuesday or Wednesday—and then, Jeremiah, then you can commence your wooing in real earnest."

"You mean it?"

"I mean it. I can't afford to trick and deceive you."

"No," said Jeremiah, unaccountably—for one so shrewd—losing his guard; "I don't think you can." But he was ready the next moment to bite his tongue off for the indiscretion.

"That is right," said Miser Farebrother, with outward composure, "always be frank with me, Jeremiah—with me above all others. When you are conversing with me drop the mask, as I advised you. It makes me understand the kind of metal I am dealing with, and how I must act to shape it to my will. And it is as well that you should understand, my lad"—and now there was in Miser Farebrother's voice a note of stern determination, which caused Jeremiah to wince and to shift uneasily on his chair—"exactly how far it is safe to go with me. My will is law, and shall be while I live. We have made a bargain, you and I, and I shall abide by it as long as it suits me—no longer. You are not yet my son-in-law; you are my servant, and your future welfare depends upon me. Remember it, Jeremiah."

"Why do you speak to me like that?" whined Jeremiah. "If I happened to say something foolish it was because my feelings were worked up. You helped to work them up, speaking in the way you did about your daughter and that—that beast! What I meant was, that I am sure you wouldn't deceive me. I knew that I am dependent upon you, and I beg your pardon a thousand times." He so cringed and fawned that he seemed to become limp and to grovel in the dust before the miser.

"You see, Jeremiah," said Miser Farebrother, slowly and deliberately, "though I am weak, I am not entirely powerless. My brain was never clearer, my will never stronger, than they are this day. At any moment, my servant as you are, my son-in-law as you hope to be, I could manage to pounce upon you in London and clear you out of my office. Money will buy service, and I can buy it. Money will buy spies, and I can buy

them. Let me have reason to suppose that you are playing me false, and this piece of paper is not more easily torn than you should be ruined. I hold out no threat; I simply warn you. We are not men of sentiment, you and I, Jeremiah, because we know that sentiment doesn't pay; it always ends in a loss. We are practical, hard-headed men, with a shrewd eye to our own interests. I don't blame you for that; I like you for it. We are associated with each other, you for your interests, I for mine; and that you have, and will have, the best of the bargain is a slice of luck for which you may thank this cursed rheumatism which racks my bones and makes my life a torture. But what I would drive into you is the conviction that I am more necessary to you than you are to me; that I could more easily do without you than you could do without me. Supposing you were dead"—Jeremiah started—"supposing you were dead," the miser repeated complacently, "I should still have my business, which I could entrust to other hands, or wind up, as I pleased; my money would still be my own, and I could leave it to my daughter, or, if she offended and thwarted me, to some good charitable institution where my name would be revered, or to some church—I am not particular as to creeds, Jeremiah—where prayers would be offered up for my soul. Rheumatism doesn't necessarily kill a man; it makes his life a hell, but it seldom shortens it. Now I think of it, I can even see advantages in it. It keeps a man indoors; he can't be run over; he can't slip down on a piece of orange-peel; he can't sit in a bus next to a person who has a fever or the smallpox. Why, it lengthens life instead of shortens it; the statistics are worth looking up. I am not what they call a reading man—I never was—but I can remember what I have heard, and when I was a young man I heard somebody say, 'Those whom the gods love die young.' Now, you are young, Jeremiah, and the gods may love you. So, taking it altogether, the chances of my life against yours are rather in my favour. With respect to our particular business relations, I warn you to be careful: I may not be in such complete ignorance of your doings as you suppose me to be. That is all I have to say."

"It isn't very pleasant," said Jeremiah, thoroughly cowed, "after the years I've worked for you to have to listen to all this, and just because I happened to let a word slip. What more can I do, except to beg your pardon again?"

"Let it pass, Jeremiah; I forgive you. All I require is obedience."

"I will give it to you, Sir, as I have always done."

"And faithfulness. No tampering with me or with what belongs to me." He looked up with a sour smile. "This little storm has cleared the air, Jeremiah."

"I hope so, Sir. Everything stands as it did?"

"Everything stands, son-in-law that is to be. Be gentle in your wooing."

"I will, Sir: I can never be grateful enough to you."

"Never mind gratitude. Be honest, obedient, and faithful. That is all I require of you."

In Jeremiah's heart, as he left Parksides that day, reigned a very cordial hatred towards Miser Farebrother. This feeling was intensified by genuine fear, for the miser's random shot, "I am not in such complete ignorance of your doings as you suppose me to be," had struck home. That he was guilty of acts in the conduct of the business entrusted to him the discovery of which would place him in the criminal dock, no person, he believed, was aware but himself. But if the miser

were to recover his health and strength so completely as to enable him to come to London and undertake the management of his own affairs for a few weeks, there would be scarcely any escape for the dishonest clerk. Account-books had been tampered with, money misappropriated, borrowed for a time and never replaced, forgery even could be traced to his hand. "What does he know?" thought Jeremiah. "What does he really know—and how much? Or is it mere guesswork, suspecting me and everybody, as I dare say I should do in his place? Yes, it must be that, or he would not have waited so long before he had his fling at me." He began to feel more composed; his mother had informed him before he bade her good-bye that it was absolutely impossible for Miser Farebrother to come to London, unless he was carried there, and that but for her constant care and attention he could hardly be expected to live. It was a marvel to her, she said, how he had contrived to leave the house on the previous night to fetch his treasure, and to return unassisted. As it was, he had been compelled, much against his will, to call in a doctor, who had said that it required but slight exertion on the miser's part to bring on inflammation of the stomach, in which case, the doctor added, he would be very likely to die.

"He is too fond of his precious life," said Mrs. Pamflett to her son, "and too frightened of death, to run a risk. The doctor has ordered him to keep his room, and not to attempt to stir out of it for a fortnight at least. There is no fear of his pouncing upon you as he threatened; but oh, Jeremiah, what makes you in such a pucker at the thought of it?"

To which Jeremiah had replied that he did not care a brass farthing whether the miser came or kept away, but that he did not intend to be taken unawares and to be interfered with without proper notice. He instructed his mother to write to him twice a day, morning and evening, informing him how the miser was. "And look here, mother," said Jeremiah; "it won't do you or me any harm if you are not quite so careful of him. Keep him prisoner till I am married to Phoebe, and everything will be right. After that he may go to the devil as soon as he likes!"

By the time he reached London Jeremiah had recovered his composure, and had flattered himself into the belief that there was nothing to fear from the miser's threats. At all events he would take care of himself. "He warned me to be careful," thought Jeremiah. "Let him be careful, or it will be the worse for him!"

Meanwhile, Phoebe was enjoying a very heaven upon earth. There comes such a time to many, when life is sweet and beautiful, and all things are fair. Was there ever such a lover as Fred—so manly, so thoughtful, so devoted? Her heart throbbed with profound gratitude to the Giver of all good for the great happiness which had fallen to her lot.

"And oh! dear aunt," she said to Aunt Leth, "I have you to thank for it all."

"You have only yourself to thank," said Aunt Leth; "and Fred is the luckiest man in the world."

But with affectionate persistence Phoebe adhered to her belief that Aunt Leth was the ministering angel who had brought such light into her life.

"If you had not been so good to me I should never have seen him. To be able to prove my gratitude to you, that is my most earnest wish—and Fred's. He never tires of speaking of you, aunt. I think he loves you almost as much as Bob does."

"It delights me to hear it, my dear child. He is a good man, and there is nothing but happiness before you."

At such a joyful spring-time she would not cast a cloud upon the young girl's heart by giving expression to the fear which filled her own, that Phoebe's father might place an obstacle in the way of the fair future which her union with Fred Cornwall would ensure for her; but she never gazed upon Phoebe's sunny face without inward agitation and anxiety. At such a joyful spring-time all that is woeful and sordid in surrounding aspect is touched with tender light; charity, that might have slept, dispenses blessings; the sight of suffering suffices for the exercise of practical sympathy. At such a joyful spring-time a pure maiden walks in paths of fairy colour, and her heart is a holy of holies. Into the prayers breathed by the bedside comes the beloved name, comes infinite worship, come sacred visions, comes gratitude for life and life's blessings. When daylight shines, for him this bit of ribbon at her throat, for him this rose at her breast—slight things, made wondrous and strangely beautiful by the ineffable sweetness of love's young dream! Truly, life's spring-time.

"If you had your dearest wish," said Fred, "what would it be?"

"That this day might last for ever," she whispered; "that we might never change."

"Darling!"

Thus passed the happy holiday, all too quickly. Then came a rude awakening.

"Our last night," said Fred, "for a little while. How shall I live when you are not with me?"

"Think of me!" Phoebe murmured.

To-morrow was Wednesday, and it had been arranged that Aunt Leth and Fred were to accompany Phoebe to Parkside, and that Fred should ask Phoebe's father for her hand.

"Perhaps he will let you come back to London with us," said Fred.

She said she hoped so; and then, accompanied by her lover and her aunt, she travelled to Parkside to learn her fate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A LITTLE PARTY IN CAPTAIN ABLEWHITE'S ROOMS.

In his vague allusions to a future carriage, and to his becoming, in course of time, as rich as the Rothschilds, Jeremiah Pamflett built, as he supposed, upon a very solid foundation. So have other men—such a one, for instance, as Mr. Lethbridge; but in the indulgence of his day-dreams, Uncle Leth built his castles in the air, and extracted nothing but pure pleasure from them; intangible as they were, they invariably left a sweet taste in the mouth. It is to be doubted whether he really ever seriously inquired into their composition; he simply built them as he walked along, blind and deaf to the sterner realities of life by which he was surrounded, saw them grow under his magic touch, filled them with fair forms, and smiled gratefully and pensively as they faded away. He was, of course, a most unpractical being; otherwise, he would occasionally have built a castle of terrors, peopled by unpleasant creatures, upon whose faces reigned frowns instead of smiles. Wise men, becoming acquainted with his imaginings, would have shaken their heads and cast pitying looks upon him; some even would have questioned his sanity; but it is by no means certain whether Uncle Leth was not wiser than they. Life is short; and, granted that a man performs his duties with a fair amount of conscientiousness, the next and altogether the wisest thing is to extract from life as much innocent enjoyment of one's days as opportunity affords. And whether that opportunity be upon the surface, for all men to see and understand, or be delved for in airy depths, or climbed up to in airy heights, is of little matter so that the good end is reached.

From these brief speculations it may be inferred that

Jeremiah Pamflett had his day-dreams, as well as Uncle Leth; and from our knowledge of their characters it may be judged, that between the day-dreams of the one and the other there was a wide gulf. Uncle Leth's day-dreams brought happiness to all, and his best sense of enjoyment was derived from the blessings he shed around him. Jeremiah's day-dreams brought happiness to one—himself; and his best sense of enjoyment was derived from the wretchedness and misery the result he aimed at and the road he was treading could not fail to produce.

That is, supposing him to be successful; but it has happened that, in digging pits for others, men have fallen into their own graves. Whether this was to be the case with Jeremiah Pamflett remained to be proved. He was altogether so sharp a fellow, so extraordinarily astute, such a "dab at figures," as he had declared, so completely "up" to every move on the board, so thoroughly conversant with the game of spiders and flies, that men of the world would have barked him to come out triumphant from any scheme upon which, after mature consideration, he had resolved to put a great stake. Consideration the most mature, study the most profound, calculations the most careful and precise, had led Jeremiah to the conclusion that he had discovered a means of making a great and rapid fortune. Those who are about to be let into the secret, and who have not had favourable opportunities of studying human nature from a sufficiently comprehensive panorama, will perhaps be surprised at the vulgarity of Jeremiah's discovery; and more surprised, maybe, because it is neither novel nor original.

To lead intelligibly up to the disclosure it may be mentioned that some short time before Jeremiah Pamflett had conceived the ambitious idea of becoming Miser Farebrother's son-in-law, a business transaction introduced him to scenes altogether new to him. Of course it was a money-lending transaction, and the debtor, to whom in the first instance he had lent thirty pounds out of his own pocket, was a certain Captain Ablewhite. It may not have been his rightful name, but into this we will not too curiously inquire, nor into his antecedents; and yet he was undoubtedly well connected. He knew and mixed with a great number of "swells," and his name might occasionally be seen in some of the "society" papers; he dressed in most perfect taste, and was seldom seen without an expensive exotic in his button-hole; you would judge him from outward observance to be a man of good breeding; he had had a sufficient education; his manners were easy, confident, smiling; he seemed to know everything and everybody—all of which did not prevent him from being chronically hard up. It may not have troubled him much, he was so accustomed to it; and although he met with many obstacles in his career of continual borrowing and seldom paying, there was never seen upon his face any but the pleasantest of smiling expressions. He was a good-looking man, with a handsome moustache and blue eyes, and he carried himself like a soldier; hence, maybe, his "captainship," though how captain, or captain of what, was never inquired into. Misery, it is said, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows; so does such a career as Captain Ablewhite's. It was a career the successful steering of which required peculiar ingenuity, and the waters upon which it floated were not of the sweetest. One day Captain Ablewhite presented himself with his smiling face and his choice exotic at the office over which Jeremiah Pamflett presided. He came with the intention of borrowing a large sum of money, some three or four hundred pounds, upon a bill backed by half-a-dozen names. Miser Farebrother did not do an advertising business; you did not read in the papers that he was prepared to advance, immediately upon application, any amount of money, from ten pounds to ten thousand, without security, to noblemen and gentlemen; his connection was a private one, and new clients presented themselves at the office of their own accord, or through private recommendation. However it came about, there was Captain Ablewhite, ready and willing to confer an obligation upon Jeremiah Pamflett—believing him to be the principal, and Farebrother an assumed name, as is generally the case with money-lenders, either from being ashamed of their own, or from a wish to do their dirty work in the dark. Jeremiah, who was launching out for himself, and who, by fraudulently trading on his own account with his master's funds, was already making money, never contradicted a client upon this point when he scented some personal advantage, and he scented it in Captain Ablewhite. Here was an opportunity of worming himself into the society of swells where pigeons most do congregate; it was not to be thrown away. Jeremiah played with Captain Ablewhite, who was the soul of candour; he was a new kind of client for Jeremiah's study and observation, and the cunning young money-thirster saw a grand prospect of the future, through Captain Ablewhite's introduction, dotted by sons of Peers and suckling young fools sowing their oats.

Now, out of this encounter, which came the victor, the man who desired to borrow the money or the man who had to lend?

Nothing was done on the first day, but on the second Jeremiah was the possessor of a three-months' bill, well backed, for fifty pounds, and Captain Ablewhite walked out of the office with seven five-pound notes in his pocket. Instead of landing a large fish Captain Ablewhite had landed a very small one, but there was a satisfied smile on his face as he strolled away. It was not bad interest—fifty pounds for thirty-five, at three months—but Captain Ablewhite was content, even though upon Jeremiah Pamflett's table lay six of the gallant Captain's finest Havannahs, which Jeremiah wrapped carefully in paper and put into a drawer.

This was the commencement of the business transactions of Jeremiah Pamflett and Captain Ablewhite, a recital of the details of which is not necessary. Say, for general purposes, that their course was the usual course, and all is said that need be said. What it is important to mention is that one evening Jeremiah Pamflett found himself at the door of Captain Ablewhite's chambers in Piccadilly. Strictly speaking, it was night, the hour being eleven. Captain Ablewhite had been giving a little dinner to a few friends, and when Jeremiah's name was announced the men were beginning to play. There were two card-tables; five playing "poker" at one, six playing baccarat at another. Captain Ablewhite was at the baccarat-table.

Jeremiah's visit was the result of a bargain. There had been a bill to be renewed, and Jeremiah had indirectly bid for the invitation.

"All right," said Captain Ablewhite, "come at eleven or twelve. Evening dress, you know."

He received his visitor with a smiling "How d'ye do?" and waved a general introduction by saying "Mr. Pamflett," his guests having been previously informed that "a fellow might drop in who finances for me." This was received with a laugh and some slight show of interest, "fellows who finance" for fellows who require it being very necessary joints in the society machine upon which Captain Ablewhite and most of his chums rode.

"He's a cub," said Captain Ablewhite, "but that's neither here nor there."

"The main point is," observed a middle-aged punter, "that he'll do a bill."

"Yes, that's it," said Captain Ablewhite.

Therefore Jeremiah Pamflett was not unexpected. The

party, however, were too interested in their game to take much notice of him. "Make yourself at home," said Captain Ablewhite, pointing to a corner of the room, where there was a buffet, with drinks and cigars. All the men were smoking, and Jeremiah, with an assumption of ease by no means successful, helped himself. He knew the quality of Captain Ablewhite's cigars, and appreciated them. That he put a handful in his pocket on the sly was, as Captain Ablewhite had said, "neither here nor there."

With his cigar in his mouth, Jeremiah stood at the tables and looked on. The game of "poker" he did not understand, but his eyes glittered as he saw the free flowing of notes and gold, and the easy way in which money was lost and won. By close peering and study he soon mastered the rudiments of the game, and followed the play. It was a ten pound limit, the minimum "ante," half-a-sovereign. At first he was confused at the "bluffing" which took place, but what he learnt convinced him that money was to be won by cool heads, and his heart beat more quickly than usual when he saw a player with nothing in his hand take a large pool. He stood for some time at the baccarat-table, and watched the game there. It was much more easily mastered than poker, and in a very few moments he understood it fairly well.

"You don't play?" said Captain Ablewhite to him, who held the bank at that moment.

"No," said Jeremiah; "not to-night."

At each table there was a player who profited by the indifferent play of his comrades, and who, according to Jeremiah's just calculation, was bound to rise a winner. "It is easy enough," said Jeremiah, mentally; "only what they win they don't keep. I would!" A new world seemed to be opening out to this young man—a new world filled with fools emptying their purses into his. Why not? He did not disturb or interfere with the players, and although one superstitious man fidgeted about uneasily when Jeremiah stood at his back looking over his cards, Jeremiah's conduct was sufficiently unobtrusive and quiet not to excite displeasure.

At about two o'clock there was a kind of informal supper, of which Jeremiah freely partook, amazed at the profusion of good things handed about by the waiters. The liberality was a revelation to him, but he was discreet enough to betray no outward surprise. He was taking a lesson which he meant to profit by. Most men would have drunk too much, and most of the men in Captain Ablewhite's rooms did; but not Jeremiah Pamflett; still, the two or three glasses of champagne he drank (the glasses being goblets) had a slight effect upon him. He maintained his equilibrium, however, physically and mentally. The fortunes of the night had pretty well declared themselves: three men had lost each some hundreds of pounds, and were desperately striving to get it back by plunging; others had lost in a lesser degree; the only winners were Captain Ablewhite and the two cool-headed players, one at each table, who continued playing their steady game. Jeremiah thought he would try his luck, and he took a sovereign from his pocket, and followed in the wake of the cool-headed gamster at the baccarat-table. He won, and staked it again, and won. No one took any notice of his winnings, which were pushed across to him quite carelessly. At half-past four in the morning Jeremiah walked out of Captain Ablewhite's rooms with forty-odd sovereigns winning money in his pocket. He walked along in a high state of elation, with his hand in his trousers pocket, clutching the gold and counting it. Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four. Yes: forty-four sovereigns. And so easily won!

He felt quite fresh, although it was his habit to be in bed before midnight. He reviewed the scene at which he had been present, recalled different hands of cards he had seen dealt out, and the course of the play, and calculated how much he might have won had he done this or that. That he would have done the right thing always he was sure; and it is likely he was correct, because it was a simple matter of calculation of odds and chances. One of the cool-headed players had won six hundred pounds; the other, four hundred. "I might have done the same," thought Jeremiah.

Captain Ablewhite had said something to him before he left.

"I wonder you don't play a bit. With your head for figures you would win a fortune."

That was it: with his head for figures. "I could snuff them all out," he thought.

Captain Ablewhite had also said, "Drop in to-morrow at two or three."

In compliance with this invitation, Jeremiah walked up the stairs of the house in Piccadilly at half-past two o'clock on the following day. In this—the being master of his time, left entirely to himself to do as he pleased—lay the great value of his situation with Miser Farebrother. He was his own master. With the miser eternally at the office, looking over him, niggling and nagging at this and that, Jeremiah would have had but scant opportunities for attending to Number One.

At the door of the outer of Captain Ablewhite's rooms stood a man-servant, who asked Jeremiah's name.

"Mr. Pamflett," said Jeremiah. "Captain Ablewhite expects me."

"If you will wait here a moment," said the man, "I will tell Captain Ablewhite."

He returned very quickly, and Captain Ablewhite with him.

"Ah, Mr. Pamflett," said the Captain. "Just one word."

He drew Jeremiah aside: "What you see inside is private."

"Not to be spoken of?" said Jeremiah, rather mystified.

"Not to a soul," said Captain Ablewhite. "Is that settled?"

"Yes."

"Come along, then."

The rooms had undergone a transformation. There was an air of serious business about them and the twenty or thirty men assembled there. Every one of the men had a little book, which he consulted, and in which he was making calculations.

At two tables sat two clerks with account-books. There was a "tape" in the room, and a man standing by it reading the messages aloud.

"False start," this man said aloud, as Jeremiah Pamflett entered.

"Go and help yourself," said Captain Ablewhite, pointing to the buffet, which was in its accustomed corner, crowded with bottles, glasses, cigars, and sandwiches.

(To be continued.)

A statement of the amount expended for in-maintenance and outdoor-relief in England and Wales during the half-year ended Lady Day last has been published. The comparative cost of in-maintenance and outdoor-relief during the half years ended at Lady Day, 1886 and 1887, in the several union counties shows an increase in the expenditure in the latter half year in eleven out of forty-four union counties. This increase was largest in Suffolk, Worcester, and Nottingham. On the other hand, there was a decrease in the expenditure in each of the three parts of counties in the metropolis, and in the extra-metropolitan part of Middlesex, and in thirty-two other union counties. The largest decrease took place in Huntingdon, Rutland, Chester, North Riding of Yorkshire, and the four union counties in the northern division—namely, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland.

WITH STANLEY ON THE CONGO.

The progress of the expedition commanded by Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer of the great river of Central Africa, and the founder and ruler of the settlements in the vast territory of the Congo Free State, to bring relief, by that circuitous route up the river from the west coast, to Emin Pasha, one of General Gordon's lieutenants in the Soudan, who has long been left in a difficult position at Wadelai, north of Lake Albert Nyanza, is just now regarded with much public interest. Our readers will be disposed to accept the further instalment of Sketches of the scenery and native population of the Congo, for which we are indebted to a well-known member of the literary profession in London, Mr. Joseph Hatton, and to his private correspondents, Mr. Herbert Ward and Mr. Glave, as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of that region of Africa; and we are glad to publish, accompanying these Sketches, the following account, written by Mr. Hatton, of information that has been furnished to himself, personally, as well by Mr. Stanley, with whom he had conversations in London, as in the letters and journals of Mr. Herbert Ward. The first portion of Mr. Hatton's article is here printed:—

It has fallen to my lot to be well acquainted with several young fellows who have worked for Stanley, and with him, including Mr. Glave and Mr. Herbert Ward (my Central African correspondent), who is now marching by the White Chief's side in this expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. The chief is known by his followers. Stanley's officers, one and all, appear to be worthy of him, and they, one and all, speak of him in terms of admiration and confidence. Mr. Herbert Ward, a true type of the roving English youth, was, it seems to me only the other day, bidding a last farewell to another brave youth on the Segama River, far away in the interior of Borneo. Since then he has filled responsible positions in the service of the Government of the Congo Free State, during a period of some three years. The accompanying sketches, with one exception, are from selected packets of drawings and letters which he has sent me from time to time, and his correspondence is not less interesting than his pictures, though the facts which I propose to cull from them must be extracted from among matters of a private nature, and it is by his own wish that such things as are thought worthy shall appear in the *Illustrated London News*.

One of the most interesting stations in which Mr. Ward held authority was that of Lukunga, illustrated in the accompanying Engravings. It was here that Mr. Stanley, on his latest official visit, was received by Mr. and Mrs. Ingham, of the Livingstone Mission, in 1884. The "soldier missionary," with very little help, had constructed quite an African paradise in the broad valley of the river. "The mission cottage," says Mr. Stanley in "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," "was as dainty within as any residence need be. A spacious garden behind it presented a vivid promise; a well-kept court or plaza in front was surrounded by store-rooms, kitchen, and school-room. Under the shadowy eaves were to be seen the mission children, who have a striking likeness and family resemblance to the black mission children seen at Zanzibar, Sierra Leone, Old Calabar, and the West Indies. I think it rather encouraged me to believe that the Congo climate, even in that low hollow of Lukunga, was endurable, when I here saw a delicate-looking lady bear herself so bravely." Manyanga, not far distant, had cost the Association not less than £10,000. Lukunga had been created for about £100, yet the place was far more satisfactory to Mr. Stanley than Lukunga. I have letters from Lukunga a year later than this pleasant record of Mr. Stanley's visit.

The accompanying Sketches were brought to England by Mr. Ingham himself. "He has lived here four years," writes Ward; "is a kind and popular man; and he takes to the old country two Congo boys, bright specimens of their race, and like what all boys will be in the future days of the Free State. Now that Ingham has gone, I am in charge at Lukunga. I hear some interesting stories of Stanley where-soever I am sojourning in this country (the climate of which, by-the-by, is sometimes more than trying), which will interest you. He is rather famed for that curious semi-religious kind of humour that seems to belong rather to America than to England. During some building operations in Vivi, Dr. Leslie, a very good fellow, took it into his head to assist in making the doors of a house. 'Well, you see I have turned carpenter,' said the doctor to Mr. Stanley, who was inspecting the work. 'Ah, doctor,' Stanley replied, 'there was a more illustrious carpenter in Judea than Dr. Leslie.' Mrs. Ingham at this station adopted a native boy, whom they had christened 'Johnny.' Noticing the intelligent youth, Stanley said to the lady, 'I see no reason why such a clever little fellow should not one day become a Bishop.' 'I am afraid he has not too good a temper,' said Mrs. Ingham, 'he is sometimes very disagreeable.' 'A sure sign!' responded Stanley: 'he is destined to become a Bishop.' While Stanley was staying at the Pool, shortly before his last return to Europe, a deputation of black clerks (Houssas) appeared before him with a complaint not altogether unjustifiable, but one very difficult just then of remedying. Stanley, who was smoking a cigar with a friend in his tent, paid the gravest attention to the petitioners. When they had finished, he complimented them upon their costume, saying it was far better than any he could afford to trot about in. He also praised the neatness and healthfulness of their appearance. Then, gravely looking each in the face with his eagle eye, said, 'Let us pray!' He knew his men. They were considerably awed, forgot what they had come for, and went back to their duties. 'I couldn't do what they wished,' said Stanley when they left, 'but I think I impressed them.'

"Savages are but shades of ourselves," says Mr. Ward, recalling his Ovid. "The other day, at Lukunga, I was sitting with some natives around a big camp-fire. They were relating, in an excited manner, many instances of their prowess and bravery—how, shooting elephants, they had been knocked down by the brutes, but had escaped, owing to their courage and agility; what wonders they had done in the fields of sport and battle. Crack! bang! went a log of wood on the fire, accompanied with a shower of sparks. One and all, they leaped up with a cry, and were off, helter-skelter, away in the grass. So much for brag!"

With reference to the station of Lukunga and the "N'Ganga N'Kissi" incident, Ward writes at the end of June, 1885: "I am very isolated at this place. There is not a soul for many miles round who possesses even the rudiments of our language, consequently one's news is confined to the locality itself. The most interesting item is, I think, an ordeal which took place the other day close by in this valley. It was a 'N'Ganga N'Kissi,' or medicine man's palaver; and I send you a sketch of the interesting gentleman at work. I learn from Mr. Harvey, of the Livingstone Inland Mission, that the general belief in the Congo is that nearly all sickness and death is the result of witchcraft. The consequence is that when anyone is dangerously ill, the question arises, 'Who has bewitched him?' The guilty person is supposed to be secretly devouring the spirit of the unhappy sufferer. Should he die, a 'N'Ganga,' or medicine man, is usually sent for to determine who it is that is possessed of N'Doki (the

devil) or is guilty of the witchcraft. The 'N'Ganga' is invariably a crafty individual of another tribe or from a distant village. He brings with him an elaborate apparatus, consisting of leopard's teeth and claws, snakes' and other skins, a fetish idol perhaps, and rattle, and, above all, a plentiful supply of powdered chalk. When all his little arrangements are made, the 'N'Ganga' seats himself on rising ground, and displays his paraphernalia, which he manipulates very cleverly. He endeavours to give his audience the impression that each article springs to his hand without his own volition. He has something of the art of the conjuror, with his aptitude at sleight of hand. Even the mat upon which he sits seems now and then to be alive. He turns and looks at it occasionally when its manifestations seem to him as it were excessive. His well-feigned astonishment is not lost upon the throng. The mat, they plainly see, is beyond his control, as is everything else, his inspiration being from a superior and unseen power. Every now and then he pauses in his mummeries and listens with his head bent to the earth, and then he will bound up from this listening attitude and intently examine the various persons near him, and turn away from them with equal suddenness to frantically clutch the air as if trying to lay hold upon some unseen being. He shrieks and starts and wails, and is like one possessed. Usually, before declaring the name of the guilty or suspected person, the payment for his services (previously agreed upon) has to be made, and in these transactions he shows that his connection with the unseen world has not lessened his interest in the possession of the wealth that belongs to the material world in which he lives. He is not easily imposed upon, either, as regards the quantity or quality of the cloth offered to him as his remuneration. The guilty one being named, the poor wretch has to undergo the ordeal of poison. He must drink a certain amount of N'Kasa, prepared from a poisonous bark by the 'N'Ganga.' Should the dose act as an emetic, the victim is pronounced innocent; otherwise, Satan's presence in the man is proved, the victim himself being as well assured of the fact as his accusers. His body, from the effect of the poison, begins to swell, and he is either buried alive (in some cases his throat is cut before the burial) or he is drowned."

"By-the-way," continues my Central African correspondent in this same letter, "a man came to me this morning looking most dejected. He said he was sick, and when, as usual, I produced a remedy for his probable ailment, he replied, '*Tere; miami N'Kissi-yayinami vare*' (No no; I have a spell, a devil's charm in my inside), and he went away groaning. If he gets worse or dies, probably some three or four wretches will be charged with bewitching him, and may be killed for that mythical offence—and all because this ignoramus is suffering from a touch of stomach-ache. A few days ago an old chief came to me attended by his followers. He brought me presents of palm-wine, a goat, and twenty fowls. We squatted in the customary circle. The old chief seemed a bit shy. As he had probably not seen a white man ever before, this might be excusable. I attributed his reticence to this and to my somewhat grotesque costume, which at that time consisted of a pair of bedticking trousers, made by myself, a battered cork-helmet, an old flannel shirt, and a pair of buffalo-hide sandals. I had misinterpreted the cause of the old chief's shyness. He, too, was peculiarly dressed, and this was his reason for seeking me. He told me that his people, two months ago, had gone down to the coast and sold some ivory, receiving in part payment the garment he had on. It was a much-worn Lifeguardsman's jacket. He had put the garment on, but he had been unable to take it off; and, hearing of me, he had come fifty miles to obtain my assistance. I at once set about relieving him. I told off three Zanzibaris to hold on to the chief and two others to assist me with the coat. There was trouble, but that coat came right off, although the sleeves and collar succumbed in the operation. The old man went off scratching himself, and smiling all over his face."

It is an open question whether cannibalism is really a vice of any tribe in the regions of the Congo, though evidence of it crops up now and then in a second-hand way that is regarded as sufficient by some travellers to take the custom as established. Mr. Stanley, on his second journey through the Dark Continent, at a village named Kampunzu, found two rows of skulls running along the entire length of the village, imbedded about two inches in the ground, the "cerebral hemispheres" uppermost, bleached and glistening white from the weather. He was told they were the skulls of the "sokos"—chimpanzees, otherwise called "meat of the forest." The chief said the bodies had been eaten. "What kind of a thing is this 'nyama,' or meat of the forest, as you call it?" Stanley asked. "It is about the size of this boy"—pointing to one of Stanley's attendants 4 ft. 10 in. in height—"and walks like a man, goes about with a stick with which it beats the forest, and it makes hideous noises. It eats bananas, and we hunt it, kill it, and eat it." It was further described as very good food. Stanley offered a reward for one of these animals, but it was found impossible to kill one before several days should pass. Stanley had not time to wait for an example of the nyama, but he brought away several skulls of the alleged chimpanzee, which Professor Huxley pronounced to be those of negroes of the ordinary African type, upon which Mr. Stanley remarks, "Professor Huxley, by this decision, startles me with the proof that Kampunzu's people were cannibals, for at least one half of the number of skulls seen by me bore the mark of a hatchet which had been driven into the head while the victims were alive."

Mr. Ward not only takes it for granted that cannibalism is a reality among certain tribes of Central Africa, but he sends me the portrait of a well-known cannibal of Bangala, who is reputed to have eaten eight of his wives; and he also forwards me a set of implements that have been used at cannibalistic feasts. They consist of two spoons and a curious fork. It may be noted in favour of the statement that there is no doubt as to the authenticity of these things, that they are by far the most primitive of all the articles of native manufacture which I have received. They are crude and ugly enough in shape and design to be the product of the most barbarous tribe; and if cannibalism is a Central African custom, one can quite imagine that these might well be the knives and forks of a cannibalistic feast. Natives on the Congo charged the expeditions of Stanley himself with cannibalism. He was seriously obstructed, I believe, more than once by the spread of a report that the white men were cannibals. The natives here and there had had such terrible experiences from the raids of Arab slave-dealers that they might be forgiven for crediting strangers with any crime, though it is odd that they should select the vice of cannibalism as the special cruelty they might expect at the hands of white men. Ward, in one of his letters, mentions an instance of natives running away at sight of his party, the women more particularly making off with their children. He was informed afterwards that they believed the white men ate babies; and there is really some warrant for this in English literature—I think it was Charles Lamb who had something to say in favour of boiled babies.

Mr. Glave, who is frequently mentioned by Stanley in his record of the founding of the Congo Free State, built the

station at Lukolela. He is still quite a young man, and at the time when he accompanied Stanley on his expedition could have been little more than a boy. He is a native of Yorkshire, and was sent to London to learn the business of a merchant in a London warehouse, an occupation which he deserted for the more exciting work of pioneering on the Congo. I recently saw him off from England on his third voyage out, this time to be himself the chief of an expedition formed and equipped for trading purposes. He hoped to pick up his friend Ward by the way, but the chief of chiefs was before him. Ward met Stanley on the march to the relief of Emin Bey, and joined him as a volunteer, under characteristic circumstances which I hope presently to relate. Meanwhile, it is desirable I should state that I know nothing of Mr. Glave's fish, how they were caught, or what they are like when cooked; but I may compliment him on his excellent drawings of them, and it is pretty certain that he caught them himself, seeing how long a time he was living on the river Lukolela, and knowing how fond he is of sport. The other day, when he brought me some trophies from Ward, he entertained me after dinner with exciting narratives of the chase, stories of the prowess of Lieutenant Taunt of the U.S. Navy, incidents of the courage and diplomatic skill of Stanley, and many weird reminiscences of the great river.

I have a letter from Mr. Glave dated March 5, 1887, in which he says, "Our expedition has not made such strides as we had hoped it would; but it has been obstructed by transport defects, arising out of native fetish notions and superstitions, which cause delays over which we have no control. I am at present at the old State station of the Equator—a very nice place, very healthy, plenty of food, and good people; but there is no game, so I cannot satisfy my little weakness for hunting. There are a few hippos, certainly; but they are unsatisfactory shooting. When you kill them they sink, and do not condescend to rise for sometimes seven or eight hours, and it is tedious work waiting without a chum to chat with, especially when one has to camp upon a bit of ground not bigger than a newspaper."

(To be continued.)

GUY'S HOSPITAL SPECIAL APPEAL FUND.

Owing to the continued severe agricultural depression the estates of this hospital have fallen in yearly value about £14,000 per annum. This great loss of revenue has been a source of much anxiety to the governing body, who were compelled to close 200 beds last year in consequence. At Christmas last it was resolved to lay the state of matters before the public, and an appeal was made for £100,000 to enable the governors to carry on the charity upon something like its old basis. Including a legacy of £2000, the amount now received is nearly £78,000. An anonymous donation of £400 was received this week, and the governors are earnestly hoping that the sum asked for may be realised before Christmas. The fact that 200 beds are shut up for want of funds, and that in a hospital within a few minutes' walk of the Bank of England, should surely rouse some wealthy citizens to wipe out so startling a disgrace and earn for themselves the lasting gratitude of their poorer neighbours. Donations can be sent to Mr. E. H. Lushington, treasurer, at the hospital; or to the Guy's Hospital account at the Bank of England.

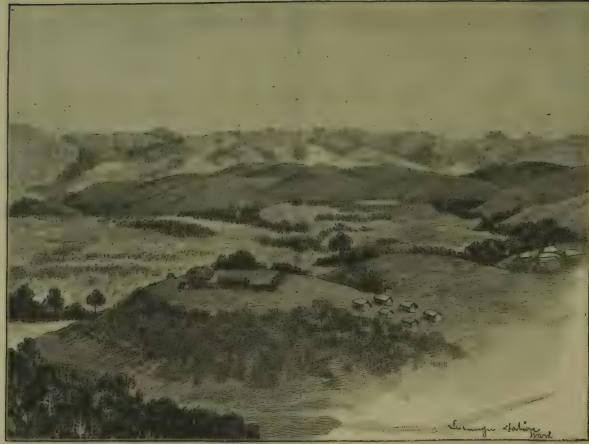
The Working Men's College opened its thirty-fourth session on Thursday, with an address by Mr. Leslie Stephen. The class list has been entirely rearranged.

Earl Fortescue, speaking at the annual prize distribution at West Buckland, Devon, said he thought it a mistake to teach the higher subjects in elementary schools. It was better in every way that a boy should go to a good secondary school than to be almost solitary in the higher standard of the elementary school. He shuddered at the requirement of Mr. Mundella that French should be taught to every boy in every elementary school; though he entirely agreed that clever and industrious boys should have the opportunity of obtaining the highest places in the country if they could win them.

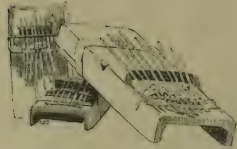
The School of Art Wood-Carving at the City and Guilds Institute, Exhibition-road, South Kensington, has reopened, after the usual summer vacation; and we are requested to state that there are vacancies for the free studentships maintained by the Institute in the day and evening classes of the school. Forms of application for these free studentships may be obtained from the manager. To bring the benefits of the school more within the reach of the artisan class, a remission of half fees for the evening class is made to artisan students connected with the trade. Instruction is also given by correspondence to amateurs unable to attend the school classes.

At the last meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, held at Exeter—Sir Bernhard Samuelson, M.P., presiding—a resolution was passed, dealing with employers' liability, and recognising, as a most satisfactory mode of providing for such cases, the creation of a fund jointly contributed to by employer and workman, which proposal the Bill of last Session would render nugatory. The question of county court jurisdiction was discussed, and a resolution, proposed by the Newcastle Chamber, was passed to the effect that jurisdiction should be enlarged. The meeting discussed, among other subjects, the coal and wine dues question, and a resolution proposing to abolish these was lost, as not quite two-thirds of the votes were in favour of the motion. Resolutions were passed in favour of the appointment of a Minister of Commerce, lower telephonic charges, greater facilities for a cheaper telegraphic night service, and for a revision of the carriage-tax.

The University Extension Society has recommenced its classes for the winter at Toynbee Hall, Commercial-street, Whitechapel. The subjects taught are astronomy, English and European history (lecturer, Dr. Gardner, LL.D.), English literature (lecturer, Mr. Churton Collins), and English industrial history. The new reading-room with a library of 4000 volumes is open every day to all students. In connection with the centre are various smaller classes on such subjects as political economy, moral philosophy, French, geology, and other scientific subjects, musical and technical classes, a natural history society, an antiquarian society, and a Shakespeare club. Every Saturday a free lecture is given. Among those who lectured last year were Mr. Frederic Harrison, Sir Charles Warren, Sir John Lubbock, and Professor Herkomer. A students' union organises conversaciones in the winter and excursions in the summer, and is in connection with a lawn tennis club. The latest development of the movement is the students' dwellings adjacent to Toynbee Hall, where students can obtain rooms at an inclusive charge of 7s. per week, and which promises to be the nucleus of a residential college. The session opened with a conversazione last Saturday at which Professor Seeley gave an address on the study of literature; and Mr. Russell Lowell, after distributing prizes and certificates to students, spoke of the importance of studying the English language. All information can be obtained by applying (with a stamped and addressed envelope enclosed) to the hon. secretaries, Toynbee Hall, E.



LUKUNGA STATION.



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.



GOURD VESSELS.



FETISH,
REPRESENTING A MAN HANGED.



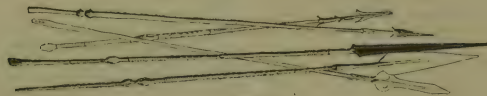
AN ALLEGED CANNIBAL.



NATIVE HOUSES IN LUKUNGA.



INDGANGA N'KISSI: A MEDICINE MAN CURING WITCHCRAFT.



SPEARS.



CONFLUENCE OF THE KASAI WITH THE CONGO.



EXECUTION OF A MURDERER.



FETISH IDOL.



COW-BELLS.



FETISH IDOL FROM DOONGO.



A CONGO FISHERMAN.



FETISH IDOL.



CANNIBAL UTENSILS.

SKETCHES ON THE RIVER CONGO.

BY MR. HERBERT WARD, ONE OF MR. H. M. STANLEY'S COMPANIONS.

MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

Nineteenth Century.—Mr. Gladstone reviews, with contemptuous severity, Dr. J. Dunbar Ingram's history of the Irish Union, exposing its gross misstatements and suppression of facts. Colonel Sir J. West Ridgeway defends the recent settlement of the Afghan frontier, and hopes that Russia will be content to abide by it, while he testifies that Russia's advance hitherto, in Central Asia, has been the triumph of civilisation. The position of the Liberal Unionists is regarded with anxiety by Mr. Edward Dicey, who urges them to an immediate coalition with the Ministerial Conservatives. Mr. Frank Hill advocates the formation of grand committees, including one for Irish and one for Scottish business, to remedy the legislative feebleness of the House of Commons. In a trenchant, unsparing, almost cruel *argumentum ad hominem*, Mr. Justice Stephen calls on a Liberal Roman Catholic, Professor St. George Mivart, to hold himself ready to admit scepticism with regard to the historical parts of the Old and New Testament. Sir Salar Jung, a native Indian statesman and a Mussulman, sketches a project of settling the Eastern question for Europe by making Austria, jointly with Turkey, the guardian of the Balkan provinces. An account, by Miss Beatrice Potter, of the work and earnings of London dock labourers may be usefully studied.

Contemporary Review.—The learned Orientalist, Professor Darmesteter, gives an account of Afghan popular songs, which exhibits the features of Afghan life and character. "In Praise of the Country," by an acute psychological critic, Mr. H. D. Traill, does justice to the rare observing and describing faculty of the late Richard Jefferies, and gently satirises, with equal truth and wit, the fallacious notion that town-bred folk who seek only quiet or change of scene have a true sense of rural nature; its true charm, he says, is the simple contemplation of forms of organic life. In reply to Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, the Egyptologist, Professor Robertson Smith, the Hebraist, refutes some arguments for the antiquity of the Pentateuch, which he assigns to the beginning of the eighth century B.C. An English resident in Russia censures the political tergiversation of the late powerful Moscow journalist, Michael Katkoff. The Hon. David Wells, of America, continues his review of the economic phenomena of the fall of prices in trade. The Oxford University conflict between the philologists and the literary amateurs with respect to the teaching of English is further discussed by Professor Freeman. Zebehr Pasha's account, given to Mrs. Shaw at Gibraltar, of his own doings in the Soudan, denies the accusation that he was ever a slave-trader. The constitutional right of the Province of Manitoba to construct, within its own territory, a railway line meeting the United States frontier, is defended by Mr. Goldwin Smith against the Canadian Dominion Government. He also predicts the overthrow of the Canadian protective tariff.

Fortnightly Review.—"Last Words on Shelley" is a title of welcome implied promise; but Professor Dowden is not the man to give us what Professor Freeman calls "chatter about Shelley," and his estimate of the poet's emotional temperament, as affected by Godwin's cold necessitarian speculations, is worthy of acceptance as a final judgment. The statistical inquiries of Dr. C. Roberts concerning the bodily stature, health, and strength of the English labouring classes, seem deserving of attention. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes some pretty specimens of the Greek Anthology. The Wesleyan missionary squabble in Tonga, and Mr. Baker's arbitrary proceedings there, are related by Mr. Coutts Trotter. Mr. W. H.

Mallock pursues his theoretic investigation of the claims of labour, concurrently with capital and "ability," to its share in the wealth-product. A disparaging article on Pascal, by Mr. W. L. Courtney; a sketch, by Miss A. Mary Robinson, of a notable passage, Piero's flight, in the Medicean history of Florence; and Mrs. Lynn Lynton's collection of quaint anecdotes respecting the behaviour of women under the influence of the customs or fashions of chivalry, are the remaining substantial contents.

Westminster Review.—A narrative of the transactions that led to the Irish Act of Union is tersely and smartly written, but intemperate and one-sided; the historical discussion is now exhausted. "The Changing Status of Women" is viewed by a writer who thinks that the effect of enabling them to procure equal education with men, and to gain an equally independent livelihood, will be to elevate the institution of marriage by giving them, as a rule, the choice of their husbands; as, "among animals generally, it is the female who determines sexual selection," and this is to the advantage of the race. The principle of payment by examination-results in our elementary schools is shown to be injurious to the education of children generally, and other faults in the existing system are pointed out. There are papers on the free-trade question in the United States, on American newspapers, and on social life in Canada; and a metaphysical essay on "The Eclipse of the Soul."

National Review.—The former political mission of this periodical, as an organ of the Tory or Conservative party, appears to be defunct. Its present contents have small literary interest; but Dr. Fothergill's remarks on the physiological effects of town life, and Mr. Greswell's account of the late Colonial Conference, are profitable reading.

Murray's Magazine.—The management of the smallpox and fever hospitals by the Metropolitan Asylums Board is explained by Mr. W. M. Acworth, one of the Board, who vindicates it from the charge of culpable inactivity by showing the recent sudden and unexpected increase of scarlet-fever patients brought to these public hospitals instead of being treated at home. The Winchester-hill establishment is particularly described. Lady Macdonald, wife of the eminent Canadian Prime Minister, writes a lively account of camping and salmon-fishing on the banks of the Metapedia. The philanthropic Swedish physician, Axel Munthe, whose "Letters from a Mourning City," relating his experiences during the cholera visitation among the poor of Naples, were read with much interest, now tells the story of an Italian organ-grinder and his monkey, in Paris, with true pathos and kindly humour. "The Story of an Old Friend" is the history of that noble London institution, the Crystal Palace, which has to be saved from bankruptcy and destruction, very speedily, by some public effort—an object worthy of its advocate, the authoress of "John Halifax." Miss Emily Lawless continues her story of "Major Lawrence," now Colonel Lawrence, and his old love for Lady Eleanor, whose bad husband, Mr. Algernon Cathers, dies at the Baths of Lucca. "My Advertisement" is a silly little tale of a bachelor gentleman being taken in by a lady housekeeper. Sermon-preaching, golf at St. Andrews, athletic sports at Grasmere, and hot winds in Australia, are discussed in the other articles.

Blackwood's Magazine.—Mrs. Oliphant's "Joyce," now at Richmond with her newly-discovered father, Colonel Hayward, and his second wife, is not quite happy, and cannot readily change the habits of a modest Scotch school-teacher for those of a fashionable English young lady. Lord Brabourne once more belabours Mr. Gladstone with reproof for his conduct on the Irish question. Professor Blackie contributes a long string

of the rudest and queerest verses on the life of King Alfred. The literary critic of "The Old Saloon," whose diffuse verbiage hides a deficiency of precise thought, descants on three new German romances, by Spielhagen, Ebers, and Paul Heyse, which we are not tempted to peruse. Some letters from an English engineer on the Congo, dated to February last, add little to the information already received. A sketch of the adventurous career of Paul Jones, the bold Scottish seaman who served the Americans in the Revolution War, and harassed the British coasts and shipping with his daring exploits, may still be read with interest.

Longman's Magazine.—A remaining contribution from the late Richard Jefferies, whose unequalled faculty of minute and accurate observation of English rural nature, and the exactness of his descriptions, should have won him a place of unique distinction in contemporary literature, will be found here: "My Old Village" is a characteristic legacy of his thoughtful spirit. The story of "Eve" is continued: the two sisters, Eve and Barbara Jordan, have to nurse a young gentleman who lies with concussion of the brain after a fall from his horse. "One Traveller Returns"—the weird resurrection-story of the imaginary ancient Britons, jointly constructed by Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. H. Herman—stalks on through more prodigious scenes. The supernatural presence of the deceased Queen Vreda has stopped the martyrdom of the Christians, and has a salutary effect on the heathen King. Mrs. Molesworth's little ghost-story, that of "The Rippling Train," may be referred to the Society for Psychical Research. "The Moon and the Weather," by Mr. J. Westwood Oliver, discountenances a popular superstition, while reserving some points for scientific meteorology to examine.

Macmillan's Magazine.—The testimony and judgment of Mr. Goldwin Smith may still have some weight in an historical estimate of the "Peelites," namely, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, and Lord Aberdeen—Mr. Gladstone was with them—thirty-five or forty years ago. The residence of Coleridge in the Quantock Hills district of West Somerset from 1796 to 1798 is described by Mr. W. Greswell with a true feeling of the effect of rustic nature on the poet's mind. A good literary critic, Mr. W. L. Courtney, directs attention to the merits of a charming French writer, M. Anatole France. "Homer the Botanist" gives us some information about "asphodel," "moly," "nepenthe," and "mandragora," or the real plants supposed to be meant; but is moly the same as garlic? and is laudanum, or distilled opium-juice, the classic nepenthe? The stories told by German and French officers, at a table d'hôte, of their experiences in the latest Continental wars, as reported in "Notes by a Rambler," make agreeable reading. For such a literary artist as Mr. F. Marion Crawford, "With the Immortals" was an amazing mistake. It is now happily terminated; and the ghosts of Leonardo da Vinci, Dr. Johnson, Julius Cæsar, Heine and Chopin, withdraw their grotesque figures from view, on the Siren-haunted shore of Sorrento, after some further pedantic discourse.

We are authorised to state that Colonel E. Maitland, C.B., R.A., has been appointed the head of the great manufacturing departments of the army.

Sir John Pope Hennessy has, it is reported, completed, at a cost of £17,000, the purchase of Rostellan Castle and demesne, situated on Cork Harbour. Sir John will shortly resume his duties as Governor of Mauritius, but he contemplates retiring from the service in the course of twelve months.

PIESSE & LUBIN

LABORATORY OF FLOWERS

EXQUISITE NEW PERFUMES

CARINA
GALANGAM
EVERNIA

LOXOTIS
CARISSIMA!
ROXANA

BAPHIAS
FRANGIPANNI
LIGN-ALOE

In Various Sizes from One Ounce to One Gallon

SOLE DISTILLERS OF THE VERITABLE

OPOPONAX

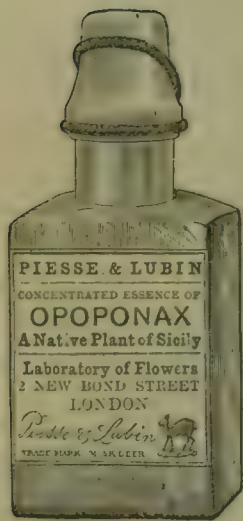
MAY BE OBTAINED OF CHEMISTS & PERFUMERS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Illustrated Price-Lists sent Free on application

PIESSE & LUBIN

PERFUMERS

2 NEW BOND STREET LONDON



THE AMMONIAPHONE. (HARNESS' PATENT.)

INVALUABLE TO CLERGYMEN, VOCALISTS, AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

FOR ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,
CONSUMPTION,
PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.

Note Address:
52, OXFORD-STREET, W.
(Corner of Rathbone-place).

SEND FOR PAMPHLET,
POST-FREE.

Used and recommended by thousands, including the following:

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.
H.R.H. Princess Louise.
Lady S. Macnamara.
Lady Archibald Campbell.
Lady Macfarren.
Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
Colonel Trench Noyes.
Captain Douglas Herbert.
Dr. Logan.
Dr. H. Le Caron.
Dr. W. Cairns Wicks.
Dr. Armand Semple.
Very Rev. Dr. Vaughan.
Rev. A. C. Price, B.A.
Rev. J. W. Honey-Snell.
Rev. W. G. Graham.
Rev. B. W. Allen.

Rev. A. Bryson.
Rev. S. L. Nichols.
Rev. W. H. M. H. Aitken.
Rev. C. J. Salisbury.
Rev. H. L. Norden.
Rev. E. Singleton.
Rev. D. A. Doudney, D.D.
Rev. John Mitchell.
Rev. John Storr, B.A.
Madame Adeline Patti.
Mrs. Langtry.
Madame Modjeska.
Mlle. Louise Zolinsky.
Madame Marie Roze.
Madame Rose Hersee.
Madame Louise Liebhart.
Signorina S. Musitano.
Madame S. M. Horne.

Mrs. LANGTRY writes as follows:—

"I find the AMMONIAPHONE gives a richness and roundness to the voice, and is invaluable in cases of hoarseness."

ABSTRUSE BRONCHIAL AND PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.

"Completely restored."—C. J. PLUMPTRE, Esq., Maida Vale, N.W.

"Delighted and astonished at the result."—CHARLES WILMOT, Esq., Grand Theatre, Islington.

"The only efficacious means I have met."—CHAS. TOMLINSON, Esq., Cheapside, London, E.C.

"Almost instantly relieved."—Dr. LOGAN, Bristol.

WHAT IS THE AMMONIAPHONE?

In the course of a long descriptive article, "The Times" says:—"The AMMONIAPHONE is one of the most remarkable inventions of the day." It is a tube about 25 in. long, constructed of a specially prepared non-corrosive metal, with handles having patent spring valves. It is charged with a chemical compound, combined so as to resemble in effect that which is produced by the soft balmy air of the Italian Peninsula when inhaled into the lungs; hence the term—Artificial Air.

Price 21s., post-free.

THE AMMONIAPHONE (Harness's Patent) will be sent free by post to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of a Postal Order or Cheque for 21s. (crossed "London and County Bank"). Address: **The Medical Battery Co., Ltd., 52, OXFORD-ST., LONDON, W. (CORNER OF RATHBONE-PLACE.)**

Price 21s., post-free.
WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

THE PEERLESS "QUEEN OF SONG"
APPROVES OF
THE AMMONIAPHONE.



Madame ADELINA PATTI writes:—

*I have used the Ammoniophone
and found its effects most
beneficial. Adeline Patti*
July 1885

Reduced facsimile of the Ammoniaphone. Actual length, 25 inches.

FOR STRENGTHENING
AND ENRICHING THE VOICE.
Price 21s., post-free.

Dr. EUGENE CRONIN, Old Manor House, Clapham-common, W.B.
"Please send to the Rev. S. Etheridge, Hailemore Rectory, Surrey, copy of Testimonials of the AMMONIAPHONE. I have advised him to use this instrument, and you may, I hope, receive a letter from him. Please, also, to send me a 21s. instrument."—EUGENE CRONIN, M.D.

SEND FOR COPIES OF
TESTIMONIALS.

The following are Extracts from the many thousands received:

RECOGNISED BY THE PROFESSION.

"Most useful."—Dr. A. S. KENNEY, L.R.C.P.
"Recommend it to my patients."—Dr. WM. CAIRNS WICKS, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
"Think very favourably of it."—Dr. ARMAND SEMPLE, 89, Goldhawk-road, London, W.

ASTHMA.

"Derived great benefit."—Hon. Mrs. H. CHOLMONDELEY, Chipping Norton.
"Is truly wonderful."—Miss ADA PHIPPS, Bath.
"Perfectly restored my voice."—S. E. PACKHAM, Esq., St. John's, E.C.
"The result was magical."—STUART COWELL, Esq., Brighton.

BRONCHITIS.

"My lungs have become much stronger." Mrs. HAMPTON SIMPSON, Birmingham.
"Vanished as if by magic."—H. M. RICHIE, Esq., Edinburgh.

RELAXED THROATS.

"Conscientiously testify to its value."—Rev. A. C. PRICE, Clapham Park, S.W.
"It strengthens the voice."—Rev. C. J. SALISBURY, Newport.
"Successfully treated after all other means had failed."—Rev. D. A. DOWDNEY, D.D., St. Luke's Vicarage, Westminster, Bristol.

INVALUABLE FOR THROAT AND CHEST AFFECTIONS.

"It has quite cured my daughter."—Mr. G. W. BAUGH, 127, Strand, London.

CONSUMPTION.

"I have derived great benefit from it."—Miss TOWNLEY, Wood Grange-road, Forest-gate.
"Benefitted immensely."—Rev. H. L. NORDEN, Southampton.

FREE on receipt of Post-Card. New Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE," showing how thousands have been immediately relieved, and permanently cured by the use of this unique invention. The extraordinary utility of the AMMONIAPHONE is demonstrated daily at the Company's Rooms, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., where their Medical Adviser will be happy to answer any inquiries, either personally or by letter Without Charge.

WILL LAST FOR YEARS.

CHAPMAN & CO., NOTTING-HILL, LONDON.

NEW AUTUMN GOODS IN ENGLISH, FRENCH, and SCOTCH WOOLLEN FABRICS. SKIRTINGS IN ALL QUALITIES AND NUMBERLESS DESIGNS. ARTISTIC WOOLLEN DRESSES.

LAINÉ ST. OMER.—A very pretty material, in the New Red, Gobelin Blue, &c. The Cloth is woven in self-coloured Checks; but a tiny thread of Gold or White gives a decided style. 44 in. wide, 2s. 7½d. per yard.
NORFOLK COATINGS, 24 in. wide, 1s. 6½d. per yard. Very popular.
CARNARVON FRIEZE, 44 in. wide, 2s. 6½d. per yard. A rough texture.
300 PIECES STRIPE TENNIS FLANNEL, from 4½d. to 1s. per yard. Very cheap.
250 PIECES PONGEE SILKS, 24 in. wide, best quality only, 1s. 11½d. per yard.
COURT DRESSMAKERS. ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE.
CHAPMAN and CO., INDUSTRY MILLS, BRADFORD.

THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.

Every yard bears the name "LOUIS," and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Shades to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn-circus, London, E.C., who supply all shades and all qualities at most reasonable prices.

FASHIONS FOR 1887.



On receipt of Letter or Telegram, Mourning Goods will be forwarded to any part of England on approbation, no matter the distance, with an EXCELLENT FITTING DRESSMAKER (if desired), without any extra charge whatever. Address—

PETER ROBINSON,
MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT-ST.

BLACK MATERIALS BY THE YARD AND THE NEW MAKES OF BLACK SILKS ARE MARVELLOUSLY CHEAP, AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED FOR GOOD WEAR. PATTERNS FREE.

MATERIAL COSTUMES, SILK COSTUMES. ENTIRELY NEW DESIGNS IN GREAT VARIETY, AND VERY MODERATE IN PRICE.

PETER ROBINSON,
THE COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
256 to 262, REGENT-STREET.

PETER ROBINSON MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

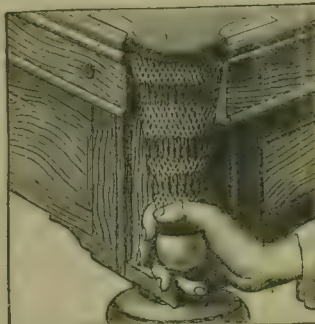
"THE QUEEN"
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—
Dec. 22, 1883.
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,
Oilmen, &c.
MANUFACTORY: SHEFFIELD.

Hinks' Duplex Safety Lamps.

HINKS' LAMPS

HINKS' LAMPS

THE BILLIARD SEASON.

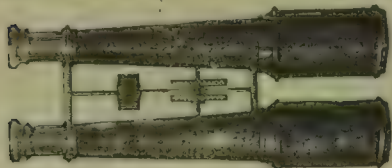


GENTLEMEN thinking of Repairing their Billiard Tables for the Winter Season are recommended to have them Fitted with the "Perfect" Cushions (John Roberts jun.'s description of them in 1885) and also with the PATENT "Bottomless" Pockets.

Customers are notified when workmen are in their neighbourhood, so that repairs away from London are inexpensive. Names inscribed in the register on receipt of particulars.

THURSTON & CO.,
16, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S BINOCULAR TELESCOPES,



FOR
**MILITARY SERVICE,
DEER-STALKING, or YACHTING.**
Mounted in Aluminium or Bronze Metal.
Long Range, with High Magnifying Power and
Perfect Definition.

By a new combination of lenses, Negretti and Zambra have
produced a glass eight inches in length, possessing all the
advantages of the larger size binocular telescope.

Illustrated Price-Lists posted free to all parts of the World.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,
SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS AND OPTICIANS
TO THE QUEEN,
HOLBORN VIADUCT.

BRANCHES:

45, Cornhill; 122, Regent-street; Photographic Studio,
Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA'S Illustrated Catalogue, 1200
Engravings, 5s. 6d.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE to August 1, now ready.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

TRADE MARK.

HONOURS, PARIS, 1878,
DIPLOMA & MEDAL, SYDNEY, 1879,
AND CALCUTTA, 1884.



With Interlocking Safety Bolt, rendering an
accidental discharge impossible.

G. E. LEWIS'S TREBLE GRIP, combined
with Anson and Deley's Locking, Cocking, and Auto-
matic Safety Bolt, is the most perfect weapon ever placed in
the hands of the sportsman. The opening of this gun cocks it,
and bolts the triggers and tumblers automatically. Prices
from 21 to 40 guineas. A special plain quality, £16. Express
Rifles, from 12 guineas. "The Gun of the Period," wherever
shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers
when you can buy it at half the price from the Maker? Any
gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance
returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial
allowed. A choice of 200 guns, rifles, and revolvers, embrac-
ing every novelty in the trade.—G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker,
32 and 33, Lower Leaden-street, Birmingham. Estab. 1834.



Now Ready. Tenth Edition.
CONTENTS:—Symptoms of Dys-
pepsia and Indigestion; Special
Advice as to Diet and Regimen;
Diseases Sympathetic; Notes for
Dyspeptics; Beverages, Air,
and Ventilation; Particulars of
numerous Dyspeptic Cases. Sent
for one stamp.

Address: Publisher, 46, Holborn
Viaduct, London, E.C.

MELLIN'S FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. FOOD.

A PERFECT PEN (Regd.)
THE WRITER'S FRIEND.
The Point being turned up and hand-finished, renders Spurt-
ing, Scratching, or Blotting impossible.

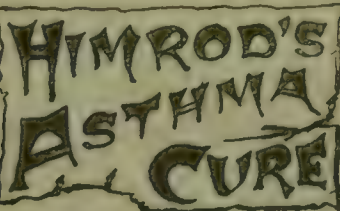


Sample Box, post-free, One Shilling.
Made in Fine, Medium, and Broad Points.
J. H. DEAKIN and CO., 133, Tottenham-court-road.

INSTITUTIONS FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING AND STUTTERING.

LONDON: Baron's Court House, West Kensington.
COUNTRY: Green Bank College, Hall Green,
near Birmingham.

A little Book written by Mr. BEASLEY, Principal
of the above Institutions, who cured himself after suffer-
ing for nearly forty years, may be had post-free for
13 stamps.



HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE BY INHALATION.—
Miss EMILY FAITHFUL, in "Three Visits to America,"
thus writes:—"It is of inestimable value to sufferers from
that painful malady here. I have tried every remedy ever
invented, and HIMROD'S CURE is the only one in which I
have absolute confidence." It is also important to observe
that HIMROD'S CURE was employed under the highest
medical sanction, in the case of the late EARL OF BRADFORD.
Himrod's Cure, per Tin, 4s. 6d. post-free, 4s. 3d.
JOHN M. RICHARDS, 44, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE,

TAMAR INDIEN

FOR
CONSTIPATION,
Hemorrhoids, Bile,
Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal
Troubles,
Headache arising from
them.

GRILLON.

E. GRILLON, 69, QUEEN-ST., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. a Box, stamp included.

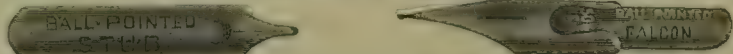
Allen & Hanbury's "Perfected" Cod Liver Oil

BYNIN, LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, being not only a highly-concentrated and
nutritious Food, but a powerful aid to the digestion of all starchy and farinaceous matters, rendering
them easy of assimilation by the most enfeebled invalid. BYNIN, being Liquid, is entirely free from the
inconvenient treacle-like consistence of ordinary Malt Extract. It is very palatable, and possesses the nutritive and peptic
properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable remedy in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles at 1s. 9d. each.

BALL-POINTED PENS.

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT—Britain, No. 429; America, No. 295,355.)

As used by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Baron Rothschild, and Bank of England.



The most important improvement in Steel Pens since first introduced. For writing in every position—never scratch
nor spurt—hold more ink and last longer. Six sorts—Fine, Medium, and Broad points.



These Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm and comfortable grip. Price 2d., 4d., and 6d.
Assorted Box of 23 pens for 1s. 1d., or with an ebony Holder for 1s. 6d., post-free of all Stationers; or
ORMISTON & GLASS, EDINBURGH.



The Perfumed Realms of Flora.

Fair Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, one day
Had summoned her legions around;
And thus she addressed them in sweet, mellow tones:
"My wishes let echo resound;
"Tis my wish to distil from each beautiful flower,
That peeps from the dew-sprinkled scene,
The choicest, the sweetest, the richest of scents,
And such as are fit for a Queen."

Then the beautiful rose raised her sweet-tinted head,
And the violet crept from its bed;
The jessamine, sweetbriar, lavender, too,
Their fragrance around her now shed,
"Now list," said fair Flora; and waving her hand,
A change came around that fair scene:
For, bubbling aloft from a fountain of flowers,
Came gushing the sweet "FLORILINE."

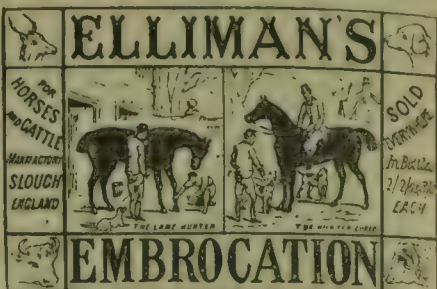
FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the best Liquid Dentifrice.
Cleanses the Teeth,
Hardens the Gums,
And purifies the Breath.
Preserves the Teeth by
Removing parasites, and
Renders them pearly white.
Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle, in case.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO. (Limited),
33, FARRINGTON-ROAD, LONDON.



ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples and Price-Lists post-free.

Children's 1/2 Per Doz.
Ladies' 2/4 Ladies' 2/11
Gents' 3/6 Gents' 4/11
By Appointment to the Queen and
Crown Princess of Germany.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

Telegraphic Address—"LINEN," Belfast.



CORPULENCY.

Recipe and notes how to harmlessly, effectually, and
rapidly cure Obesity without semi-starvation dietary,
&c. "Sunday Times" says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to
eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is
the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he
prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones, the
system." Book, 116 pages (8 stamps).

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House,
27, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.



BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS

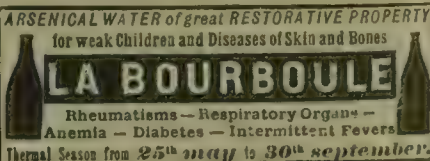
THE GREAT REMEDY for

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in
a few days by this celebrated Medicine.

SURE, SAFE, AND EFFECTUAL.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.



I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a
time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure.
I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING
SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant any remedy to cure
the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for
not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a
Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Address in full.
It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address
Dr. H. G. ROOT, 5, Plum-tree-court, Farringdon-street, London.



CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that
each Label bears the name of "WILCOX & CO., 239, Oxford-st., W."
There are THREE KINDS, distinguished from each other by a
YELLOW, GREEN, and RED. The YELLOW (YELLOW) instantly removes the
most violent Toothache. EAU DE SUEZ (GREEN), used as
a daily mouth-wash, prevents for ever the return of pain, arrests
the decay, and preserves the teeth sound and white. The RED
THREAD is used as the Green, but especially adapted for
children's use. SUEZ ORANGE TOOTH-PASTE, for the
removal of tartar and whitening the teeth. Free by parcel post
from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford-st., W., and through every
Chemist. Yellow, 2s. 9d.; Green, 3s. 6d.; Red, 3s.; Paste, 4s. 6d.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.—ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

PART IV.—(Concluded.)

THE GREAT ATLAS.

The following morning we were off again, with as bad and as beautiful a road before us as usual. The first hour or two we spent toiling up a fearful path to the summit of a high plateau, the top of which was richly cultivated. After riding for about an hour and a half on the plateau we came to a village of some size, which literally overhung a precipice thousands of feet in depth. All the views we saw in Morocco, almost all the views I have seen in my life, were surpassed by what lay before us then. Below us lay the great plain of Morocco, almost at our feet it seemed, a rolling desert of stones and sand, except where some river wound its course and irrigated the soil. As far as the eye could reach, hillock after hillock of yellow earth, varied here and there by an oasis of palms or a little white village. The whole thing looked so near in the clear atmosphere that it resembled a ploughed field, yet every furrow represented a valley, and every line of upturned earth a range of hills. At our feet, seeming as though it merely wanted one step to reach it, lay Aggregoreh, nestling in dense groves of trees—a charming little town, with a couple of mosques and an old gateway or two. Far away to the north, a dark line in the plain represented the palm-forests of Morocco; and, yes! there was the Koutubia again. Away beyond the city, in the distance, we recognised the mountains we had crossed two days before reaching Morocco. Down a zig-zag path in the face of the precipice we descended. It was almost the worst road I have ever seen, as the ground was smooth, shining rock, sloping down towards the edge of the precipice. We passed through a village half way down, which, like that at the summit, clung to the edge of the precipice—

Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
Of purple—

Well, it was not "Apenine," this time, but purple Atlas; but that doesn't seem to rhyme somehow. In future I shall give up quotations: they don't pay.

At last we reached the bottom of the precipice, where we gave ourselves and our beasts a rest under a delightful pomegranate grove, in the cool shade of which we were supplied with tea in crown Derby cups by the neighbouring Kaid. We had already been four hours on the road, and the heat was intense; but after an hour's rest we had to push on again. We passed many villages, but none of any size except Largin, where there seemed to be the usual number of Jews. Some of us bathed here and bought some fish from a Jew, who was most delighted with the franc we gave him for a couple of dozen small fry, and tried his best to go through the horrid performance of kissing our boots, though he got kicked for it. We reached Amsmiz, our resting-place, in another three hours and a half, and pitched our tents near the river of the same name. Amsmiz is a place of some size and importance, and boasts a "mellah," or Jews' quarter, separate from the walled town, of which latter the mosques and gateway are fine. Altogether it is a most picturesque place, situated in the opening of a large valley. We received a letter sent by special courier on our arrival, stating that his Excellency Mr. Kirby-Green, and the "Bashadorial" party would arrive on the following Friday—four days thence.

We spent our first morning in Amsmiz in the sôk, or market, but found no curios. The poor Basha of the town was terrified when he heard where we had gone, as he said the place was full of wild, fanatical hillsmen, and not at all safe for unprotected Europeans, though I think as long as one carries a revolver in those countries, where such things are unknown, one is better protected than by soldiers, as the first shot would strike terror into one's assailants. In the "mellah," or Jews' quarter, we succeeded in picking up a few more curiosities. I also bought a curious camel's-hair bernous of black material, a hooded cloak which is so finely woven as to be impervious to water. As the negro from whom I bought it looked as though he might possess belongings whose acquaintance might prove of annoyance to me, on my arrival in camp I sallied down to the river to wash my new purchase. Following the example of the Moors, I pulled off my shoes and stockings and washed with my feet. While in this somewhat degrading position the Kaid of the escort espied me; for a moment he stood dumbfounded, then shrieked to me to return. He could not understand how anyone could do anything so degrading as to wash one's own clothes, especially anyone travelling, as we were, with an autograph letter of the Sultan, and belonging to the "Bashadorial" party. On my refusing to comply with his vociferated request he sent half-a-dozen soldiers down to me, so that, at all events, I might have some appearance of respectability. As usual, the trees round our camp were full of nightingales; to tell the truth, nightingales were getting rather too common, and when we heard an owl at night we would sit and listen, and say: "What a delightful change!"

The next day we ascended a mountain near Amsmiz. We rode some way up, and dismounted at a spot where the mountain-side became very steep. Though at no place was it difficult climbing, it was rough, hot work; yet on the summit we obtained a cooler breeze than we had experienced for a long time. We were disappointed at finding no snow on the peak, as we could see it on a level, and even below us, on the mountains near; however, from there was a view that made up for everything. To the north and west we looked over the great plains that stretched away far as the eye could reach; to the south lay a dark valley narrowly winding its tortuous way between enormous precipices—one of the few routes into the Sus valley. Amsmiz itself is in the Sus, but not the Sus known to explorers, which ought properly to be designated by the term "Sus Valley." The summit of the mountain was a veritable peak, not more than 15 ft. in diameter. Our barometer registered 9600 ft., though, allowing for a correction, the peak was probably some 300 ft. less in height. We got back in camp just after sundown, after an enjoyable though tiring day.

Early next morning we started off up the valley, keeping to the right hand side. The path, the merest track in the side of the precipice, was not a pleasant one, as it was in no place more than 2 ft. to 3 ft. wide, and proportionately slippery. Riding along such roads as these is not overpleasant work, especially when, hundreds of feet below one, rushes a turbulent river, into which one would ultimately alight—at least, portions of one would—should the horse make one false step. However, after some two hours and a half of more or less holding one's breath, we emerged into a valley running at right angles to the one we were in. The scenery all along the road was very grand; far below boiled and bubbled the river, its banks green—vividly green—with narrow strips of corn-fields and groves of walnut-trees, while a line of crimson oleanders marked out the river's edge. The valley we entered was very lovely. At the end, which opens into the great valley, stands a village of some size, close under the walls of which runs a swift, clear, deep river, whose bed is cut out in the

solid rock. On each side of the river is a lawn of beautiful grass, the whole shaded by gigantic walnut-trees. We followed the river some few hundred yards up to where it issues from the solid rock—a most curious spot, for there is no cave, simply a pool of water at the foot of the precipice—a clear, deep pool, from the centre of which, far down in its transparent depths, issues the stream.

There is a curious old fable relating to this place which we heard from the Moors. They call it the well of the Christians, for once—so the story goes, how long ago no one seems to know—the Christians had their great treasure-house here. (It is a necessary qualification to state that the Moors call all the former inhabitants of their country Christians.) It is supposed that this treasure-house was built in such a way that there were two connected doors: when that leading to the treasure house was shut, the river flowed through the other. Naturally the belief at present is that whoever can shut the door of the stream will open that of the treasure house, so our movements were very closely watched as we peered into the pool of water. We saw many pretty rock-squirrels playing about, which the Berbers consider very efficacious for medicinal purposes.

That there had been former inhabitants at this spot one cannot for a moment doubt, as blocks of stone lying in disorder by the banks of the river show very clearly the signs of having been cut and squared by the hand of mortal man, and that man certainly not of the Berber tribe, who build, and always, so far as we know, have built with tabbia. We returned to camp by the opposite side of the great valley to that by which we had ascended it, where we found the road far better and not so perilously dangerous as the other had been.

The next day the Minister and party arrived, and we were back once more in our luxurious camp, which was pitched above the little town on an open piece of ground, near the sôk, or market. The following day we spent hunting, ascending the mountains to the right of the valley, and returning as we had done on our former trip up the gorge. Though several mufing were seen, we were unsuccessful in obtaining any.

Two days later we were on our road again to Mogador, still keeping to the foot of the Great Atlas, till we reached the district of Haha, with its huge castles and wild scenery, when we left the mountains and turned our heads north-west. From Mogador we proceeded by land to Tangier. Altogether, the journey back from Morocco lasted forty-two days, so that we, who left nine days earlier than the rest of the party, had fifty-one days' ride.

Of our journey up the coast I shall say nothing, except that it was as pleasant as the other parts had been. My account of the Mission to Morocco is finished; it needs but one word more, a word of thanks to Sir William Kirby-Green, K.C.M.G., our Minister to the Court of Morocco, for his great kindness—thanks where thanks are most due!

CAVES OF HERCULES, NEAR TANGIER.

It is not surprising in a country that boasts of a pillar of Hercules to find caves dedicated to the same mythical hero, but it is surprising anywhere to find caves so fine as those near Tangier.

Though situated on the water's edge, it is impossible, owing to the surf and precipice, to enter from the sea; and the only means of access is through a long, winding passage some little way inland. When one has threaded a rather precarious path through this dark passage one finds oneself in a really magnificent cave, about which are grouped, like sepulchral mummies, Moors, who earn their livelihood by hewing mill-stones out of the solid rock; nor has the cave been to any degree defaced by this seeming desecration. On the contrary, the innumerable circles traced upon the walls and roof have in the half-light a weird appearance that reminds one of the days when astrologers covered the walls of their retreats with strange hieroglyphics.

It is a beautiful sight to stand on a piece of projecting rock near where the sea enters and watch wave after wave roll in, dashing through the narrow natural archway swiftly onward till stopped by a wall of rock, over which, when it finds itself baffled, it throws its myriad drops of spray with a roar and a crash like thunder. And so day and night, though sometimes in calm weather the rush may be less, the sea will lash itself into fury again, till a thousand echoes are all crying aloud a chorus to the deep, dull roar below. No; it is not difficult, in times like these, to imagine how the simple-minded Moor, ever ready to believe what he hears, should have the idea that within lived, and even lives now, some great spirit. As one sits on the dry ground above the cave and listens, he can imagine that below him, almost in the bowels of the earth, is being waged a war, the like of which mortal eyes have never seen or mortal ears heard; and it is a battle, too, for the sea is fighting to wear away the rock, and the rock is fighting to keep back the sea, and the sea is getting the better of it; for year by year it forces its entrance in further and further, and in the dim future perhaps will own all the disputed land, but that will be long after the Moors have ceased to hew millstones.

But I have heard another sound in the dim caves, a sound strangely out of place where one expects to hear nothing but the sea, the quiet hoot of the owl, or the squeaking bats: I have heard the ring of merry laughter and the sound of happy voices. Readers, I confess at once I have heard the clashing of knives and forks, and the popping of champagne corks.

It is a great place for picnics. Everything lends itself to enjoyment. The ride from Tangier, through valleys whose little streams are full of basking tortoises, the hills with the gum-cistus all in bloom, the steep descent through the village of Meduna, with its small mud-and-thatch houses and its hedges of prickly-pears and aloes, the blue vast ocean and the bluer vaster sky. Nor is the ride home in the afternoon the least enjoyable part, especially if one return by Cape Spartel, past the lighthouse perched on the rocky promontory, along the edge of the cliff, over the mountains, till as evening approaches one sees Tangier at one's feet, crowned in the glorious rays of a setting sun, all gold and mauve, or one rides through the now quiet sôk, amidst sleeping camels, by the light of an African moon.

W. B. H.

The Preston Town Council have resolved to apply next Session to Parliament for power to borrow another half million of money, to complete the works on the Ribble.

Major-General Sir Redvers Buller will succeed General Sir R. Biddulph as Quartermaster-General at headquarters on the 10th inst.; and Colonel Sir West Ridgeway has been appointed to succeed him as Under-Secretary for Ireland. He will undertake his duties on the 15th inst.

Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, was hard at work among the show people, van dwellers, and gypsies at the Union Fair at Birmingham last week, explaining his plans and the Temporary Dwellings Bill he is promoting for educating the travelling children in an easy and simple manner. The show people and van dwellers appeared much pleased with the plans. Mr. Smith found nearly sixty van-dwelling families in the fair, and some of the poor children and their homes were in a sad condition.

THE ISLE OF AVALON.

In one of his finest poems Tennyson paints an ideal land, which, I suppose, most of us would be glad to realise, and convert into a great "health resort," free from meteorological forecasts—

The island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows, crowned with summer sea.

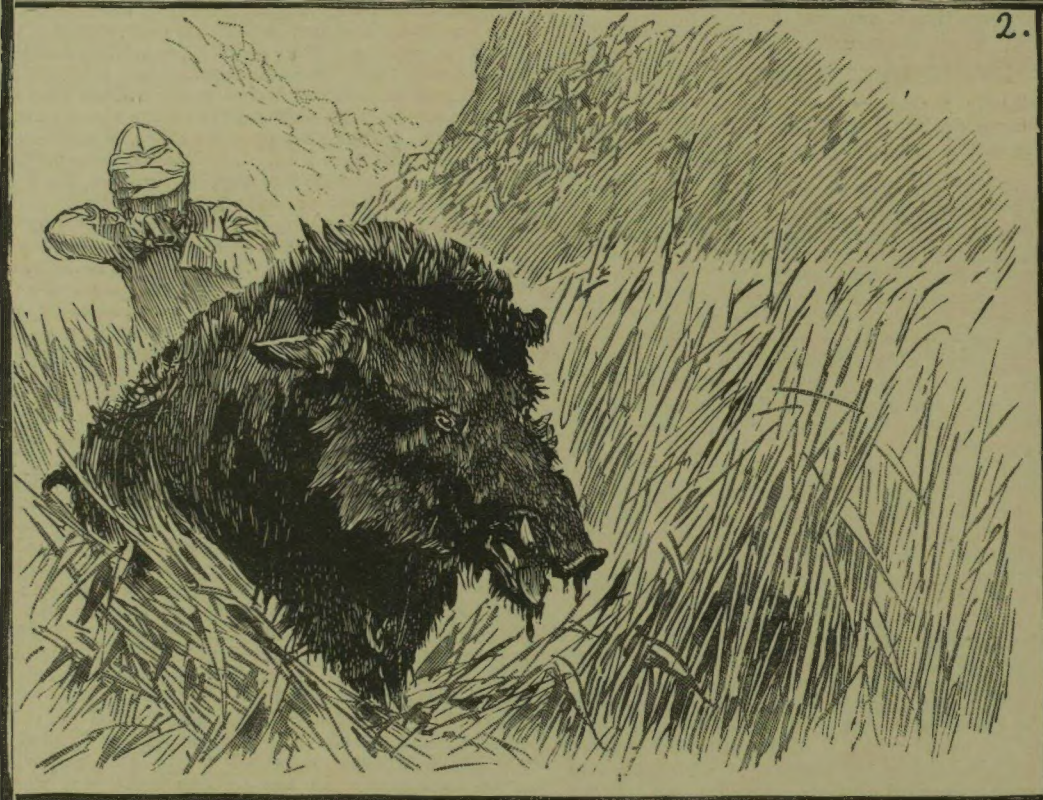
The real Isle of Avalon, unfortunately, falls short in some not unimportant particulars of this poetic region; though it is a very fair and specially interesting spot. No longer an island, though—as it was when the Britons, seeing it surrounded by the crystal waters of an estuary, picturesquely named it *Ynyswytryn*, or "the glassy island"; which the Saxons translated into *Glastingabyrig*, since smoothed into *Glastonbury*. Here, in some unseen fairy bower, sleeps the great King Arthur, until the time shall come for him to awake and rally his scattered hosts, and recover his lost crown. Here, according to an Irish legend, St. Patrick lies in the blessed odour of sanctity. And hither, says a tradition of the Church, came Joseph of Arimathea, with eleven other of St. Philip's disciples, some thirty years after the Great Tragedy on Calvary, to attempt the conversion of the Angles. A piece of ground—a "hide" to every man—was granted to the missionaries by Arivagus, the King of the country, on which they proceeded to build a church, and to erect for their own accommodation "tabernacles of woven boughs," thus founding Glastonbury. The story goes that St. Joseph, pausing to rest with his companions on the long ridge now known as Weary-all Hill, thrust into the ground his pilgrim's staff, which straightway budded and blossomed like a young tree, and took root, and waxed strong and vigorous, and for centuries continued, in remembrance of its mirac'ous origin, to flower every Yule-tide, mocking with leaf and blossom the winter snow. Observe that this miracle was duly attested by a flat stone inserted in the ground at the exact spot where the thorn grew and flourished. After seeing the stone, could you doubt the miracle?

Few of the English Benedictine abbeys can have equalled that of Glastonbury in wealth, in beauty of position, in architectural magnificence, and in sanctity. Its monks boasted that it was richer than all save Westminster, and larger than all save St. Paul's. As for its position, I can conceive of none more picturesque. From the southern base of the Mendips a sealike plain, green and undulating, stretches, league after league, away to the Bristol Channel; and above this plain, often flooded in winter storms, abruptly rise numerous rocky eminences. At the foot of one of the largest stands the famous abbey, looking out from the shade of its venerable trees upon broad pastures and patches of emerald foliage and yellow corn-field, and afar to the blue edge, where sky and sea appear to meet. As for its sanctity, apart from its legendary and traditional associations, Glastonbury may claim to be hallowed ground, because it has enshrined the dust of saints and princes. In front of the altar of the abbey church slept St. Gildas, the author, or supposed author, of the "De Excidio Britannia"; and near him, St. Indractus, the martyr; while the bones of the great Archbishop, St. Dunstan, the first of our great ecclesiastical statesmen, were among its most precious relics. To be sure, the monks had acquired them by an act of sacrilege; for, after the Danes had sacked Canterbury in 1011, some of them had journeyed to the ruined cathedral, broken open St. Dunstan's tomb, and, carrying off his bones, his ring, and other memorials, had returned to Glastonbury exultant. For upwards of a century and a half the ill-gotten treasures were carefully concealed, and then, relying on the fact of this long possession to give them a legal title, the monks ventured to exhibit them. It was pretended that this fortunate abbey also held the still more precious relics of King Arthur. In the days of Richard I. the then abbot caused his reputed tomb to be opened, and, behold! sixteen feet below the surface, was discovered a great coffin, which had evidently been hewn out of the trunk of an oak. It was divided into two sections, in one of which lay the bones of a large man; in the other, those of a female. A leaden cross bore a Latin inscription, identifying the male skeleton as that of King Arthur, but ignoring the King's companion: could it be any other than Queen Guinevere? Having been removed by reverent hands, the relics were placed in a mausoleum of black marble, which disappeared after the suppression of the abbey. Such is the tale as told by monkish chroniclers; what a pity that it was not true!

According to Professor Willis, there stood on this site in the elder days a rude fabric of wicker or twisted hurdles, which was always esteemed to be the earliest church erected in Britain. In the seventh century it was incased in lead and timber to insure its preservation. Gradually, three small oratories arose to the east of it, and in the eighth century a larger church and various monastic buildings sprang into existence. A clean sweep was made of everything after the Conquest, with the exception of the old British church, and the erection was then undertaken of the noble abbey, the magnificence of which is proved by the grandeur of its ruins. A prosperous and a powerful religious house, it was raised, in 1289, to the rank of a mitred abbey. Its school, one of the most celebrated in England, was attended by upwards of three hundred sons of noblemen and gentlemen, besides numbers of inferior degree, who were "well disciplined in virtuous education and excellently accomplished." Leland, who visited the monastery shortly before its suppression, describes the feelings of delight and amazement with which he had examined the rare contents of its library. To have made a catalogue of only the most valuable MSS. would, he says, have occupied him several days. Alas! it disappeared after the suppression of the abbey by Henry VIII., like King Arthur's mausoleum. The monastic buildings were desecrated and destroyed; the last abbot, the unfortunate Whiting, having previously been hanged and quartered as a traitor on Glastonbury Tor, with two of his monks.

The ruins, in their present condition, are the wreck of a colossus, and do not fail to produce on the mind of the spectator an indelible impression. 'Tis the immensity, the vastness of it all, that first strikes the eye—that great sweep of sward, once thickly covered with beautiful works of architecture—the grandeur of the massive walls which still defy the assaults of Time—and the glory of those secular trees which drop their heavy shadows over broken nave and crumbling aisle. It is very pathetic, I often think, to mark the loving care with which Nature embellishes or conceals the ruined work of man, as if she would compassionately disguise from him so melancholy a proof of the instability of all things mundane—to see how she trails the ivy here, or plants a cluster of wild blossoms there, or at another point accumulates a luxuriant growth of ferns and grasses, or a clump of wall-flowers, or a group of foxgloves. At Glastonbury, with her lawny slopes and venerable trees, she has done much to preserve and enhance that noble stateliness which must at all times have been its leading characteristic. However this may be, the ruins of the abbey are well worth a visit for their artistic beauty, as Glastonbury itself is for the charm of its landscapes and the poetry of its associations.

W. H. D. A.



1. An Unwelcome Visitor, while after Gazelle.

2. Boar-hunting: A Finisher.

3. After Moufflon: A Miss.



THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO: THE CAVES OF HERCULES, NEAR TANGIER.

BERNE.

The English traveller who intends to visit the lovely Bernese Oberland cannot do better than make his entry into it by way of the capital of the Confederation, though many leave it out of their programme and go straight through to Lucerne. Some, perhaps, take Berne on their return-journey; but this is decidedly a mistake, for they thus lose the exquisite first view of the mountains, which is the great charm of Berne—a view which is never surpassed in beauty by any other which meets them.

The city of Berne, founded in the twelfth century, by Berchtold von Zähringen, a statue of whom adorns the Cathedral terrace, is built on a peninsula, surrounded on three sides by the Aare. It may be said to consist of two portions: the upper one on an elevated ground some 120 ft. above the river, while the lower portion, part of which consists of factories of various kinds, tanneries, &c., is close to the river-side. The streets in the upper part of the city are fine and broad, more especially the newer ones, where also there are some handsome public buildings; but by far the most interesting is the main street, which extends under different names for about a mile from east to west. It is flanked on either side by stone arcades, called *lauben*, which vary in shape and design, and which offer a capital dry walk in wet weather and a shady one in summer. Most of the best shops are here, and on market-days the tradespeople place many of their goods beneath them, thus compelling the passers-by to observe their wares, though, at the same time, the traffic is considerably impeded. Goods of all sorts are also exposed for sale on the pavement in many of the streets, often scarcely leaving room for the passage of the long, unwieldy-looking waggons and other vehicles belonging to the country people. In one very broad street—the Korn-Markt, I think, it was called—I was much attracted by quantities of pottery of various sorts, from elegant vases of fine, semi-transparent porcelain down to the coarsest and commonest vessels for domestic use. Many of these latter were, however, of quaint shape and design, and I was only prevented from buying a store of blue vases and pots, such as are everywhere in fashion, and for which I should have paid about one fifth of the price we pay for such things at West-End shops, by the difficulty of getting them home.

There are many public buildings and charitable institutions in Berne, among which should be especially mentioned the Rathhaus, a Gothic building of the fifteenth century, from the roof of which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country; the Council Hall, in which the assemblies of the Federal Council are held; the University; the Public Library, connected with which is a fine museum of natural history and antiquities; the Korn-Haus, in which a vast quantity of grain can be stored against times of scarcity; several hospitals, orphanages, and similar institutions.

Nor must we forget to mention the street-fountains, which are very numerous, and used by the inhabitants not only to draw water from; but in them, also to wash their clothes, scrub their household vessels—tubs, pans, baskets, &c. The most noted of these fountains is the Kindlifresser (child-eater) Brunnen, near the celebrated Clock Tower, on the top of which is a hideous stone figure with a number of infants hanging out of his pockets, tucked into his girdle, &c., while he himself is just in the act of conveying one unfortunate babe to his open mouth. The whole thing is horribly grotesque, but I could not find out the origin of the story. A troop of bears occupy the lower stage of this fountain. The bear, the heraldic emblem of Berne, abounds everywhere in the place, from the huge stone monsters from which another fountain, the Bären Brunnen, takes its name, to the tiny silver models that one sees in every shop. And the little wooden carvings in which they are shown in every possible attitude, and engaged in all sorts of occupations. Two favourite representations of bruin are—one in which he is marching along as a soldier, fully-equipped; another, where he is seated in an arm-chair carousing with his companions. Visitors to Berne are expected to go and see the live bears, which are kept in a pit near the handsome Nydeck Bridge, a duty which I failed to fulfil. Most people, too, try to be present at the performance of the cock and bears on the famous Clock Tower just when the hour is ready to strike; but the exhibition is rather paltry, and not worth putting oneself out of the way to see.

It was at Berne that I saw the first of the picturesque costumes worn by the peasant-women. This generally consists of a short, rather full skirt of black stuff; a huge apron of black or coloured silk; a close-fitting bodice of black (velvet is the material usually employed, at all events, for the *best dress*), cut low to allow of the full, white bodice, worn underneath, being seen at the neck, and huge white sleeves of the same material fastened on at the shoulders. In some instances these are not really sleeves, but merely broad, stiff flaps, which have much the same effect from behind as the sleeves themselves. A silver filigree brooch, frequently representing the edelweiss, is fastened on the front of each shoulder, and a third is often worn in the centre of the black bodice on the bosom; from all of these brooches silver chains depend, and these are looped up and fastened on the hips; large silver earrings are also worn; and these bright ornaments add much to the smart appearance of the costume, which is completed by a straw hat, with very shallow crown and broad brim, trimmed with gay flowers and ribbons, according to the taste of the wearer. This sort of dress is worn more or less throughout Switzerland, slight variations being observed in the different Cantons.

The Cathedral is a fine Gothic building, with a lofty tower, from which a magnificent view is obtained. A sort of balustrade of fine open-work runs round the roof, and is worthy of notice; while the west door is surmounted by carvings representing "The Last Judgment." The interior, as is usual with Protestant churches on the Continent, is rather plain; but it contains one of the finest organs in all Switzerland, rivalling that of Freiburg. The organist—the well-known Dr. Hess—performs on it every evening during the summer; and I think I shall never lose the impression made on me by his playing of one of his own compositions—a "Souvenir des Alpes," as it was called. The piece began in a cheerful strain and moderate tempo; simple airs—among which the "Ranz des Vaches" could be distinguished—interspersed with the ringing of cattle-bells, *jodeln*, &c. These were followed by a sound of rain and wind, accompanied by the distant rumble of thunder. Gradually, these signs of a storm increased, growing louder and louder, till the whole building seemed filled with the hiss and roar of the elements, mingled with the cries of terrified women and children! This was followed by a "Miserere," in which the four separate voice-parts could be distinguished, the storm continuing to rage the while. Gradually this diminished, however, till at length it ceased, and then the organ again pealed forth, this time in a glorious Te Deum of praise and thanksgiving. The whole thing was wonderfully dramatic, the finest thing of the kind I ever heard, and I was fairly carried away by it.

The great attraction of Berne, however, remains to be mentioned. This is the enchanting view obtained either from

the Kleine Schänzli, a prettily-planted walk at the west end of the city; from the Münz-terrasse; or from the Cathedral-terrace, all of which extend for a considerable distance along the edge of the elevated ground on which the city stands. Nothing can surpass the exquisite beauty of this scene.

In the foreground at our feet, or rather at a depth of something like 120 feet below, the clear, deep-blue Aare flows rapidly along, amidst meadows of the most vivid green, a lovely picture in itself even were there nothing beyond. But what pen can justly describe the full glory of the splendid panorama that meets the eye on the further side of the river?

There, in the far distance, their peaks soaring high up towards the heavens—some seemingly piercing the sky, others with their white caps of snow, apparently mingling with the soft, fleecy clouds—tower the silent Alps of the Bernese Oberland: the dark Stockhorn, the rugged Niesen, the fair Blümlisalp, the pure Jungfrau, and the black Monk; while, as we stand contemplating the scene in speechless delight, the Alpenglüh, or afterglow, arises, a lovely, rosy light that appears on these mountains just at sundown, gradually illuminating them as if by hidden fire within; and we gaze and gaze till darkness closes around, hiding everything from our sight, and we turn away, the words of the Royal Psalmist in our hearts, "How manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all!"

L. T. M.

NOVELS.

Scheherazade: A London Night's Entertainment. By Florence Warden. Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—It is with much regret that we are obliged, in noticing a story the main interest of which is morally sweet and wholesome, and which is one of high imaginative power, to complain of a gross transgression of the customary rules of propriety, with regard to the introduction of situations and characters that would never be discussed in the ordinary conversation of respectable English men and women. Novelists are expected, in this age and in this country, to write under the reserve, on certain topics, due to the cultivation of feelings of womanly delicacy in the minds of young ladies, for whose entertainment their works are largely in request. English books of this class written by men, for many years past, have seldom offended against this rule in the particular manner to which we must reluctantly call attention. This is the first instance that we can easily remember of one of our novels containing an elaborate description, in the style of Balzac, of the person and the establishment of a female ostentatiously practising, for mercenary profit, the most degrading trade of which her sex is capable. Everybody is aware of the existence of such a class and of such an occupation; but it was unnecessary, and it is revolting, to conduct the readers of this story to a house like that described at Thames Lawn, Richmond, and to make them directly acquainted with its mistress, who called herself "Chloris White," amidst the display of riches and luxury so infamously procured. It is, however, only just to remark that the authoress has manifestly endeavoured to set that horrible manner of living, and all other vicious courses, in the most repulsive light; and that she does not, like too many other lady writers at the present day, furnish stimulating accounts of the progress of a guilty passion. "Scheherazade" is quite free from this taint; the glowing raptures here vividly represented are those of a young husband and a girlish wife for each other, and are not less innocent than interesting to contemplate. The title, borrowed from the well-known name of the ingenious Princess, in "The Arabian Nights," who beguiles her master with an endless series of fascinating tales, bears actually no relation to the subject of this novel. Little Nouna, a charming, wild, ignorant, pleasure-loving child of half-Indian parentage, who speaks English, but has no ideas of morality, religion, or correct social behaviour, a lovely heathen, almost a savage, is discovered in London, under the charge of a paid English governess, and of a Hindoo ayah, in lodgings near Fitzroy-square. The house belongs to an Arab or Syrian dealer in Oriental curiosities, one Rahas, whose sinister behaviour, and his knowledge of secrets concerning Nouna, prove the cause of much embarrassment and persecution. George Lauriston, a young subaltern of a regiment in Hounslow Barracks, accidentally finds the wondrous semi-Asiatic beauty in this sequestered abode. He becomes vehemently enamoured of her, and, thinking her in need of immediate protection, hastens to make her his wife. His conduct is perfectly honest, but is almost incredibly rash and imprudent. On inquiry he is referred to a highly respectable solicitor in Lincoln's Inn, acting for Nouna's mother, who is stated to be the Countess of Valdestillas, a very rich lady of Indian birth, now married to a grandee of Spain. Reasons are given for her being unable to keep her daughter under her personal care; and her consent to the marriage of Nouna to the young Englishman is signified by her letters. The marriage takes place in the first volume; George is poor, and expects no fortune with Nouna, but soon learns with astonishment that she has above £4000 a year, as he is told, from property left by her father, said to have been a Captain Weston, the first husband of the Countess in India. The money is forthcoming; and they begin to live in an expensive and fashionable style. This part of their experiences is made very amusing by Nouna's childish inexperience of social manners and customs; but her husband has enough to do in guarding her against various mistakes and perils, though she remains tenderly fond of him, and her only serious fault is telling him a great many small fibs on passing occasions. He tries in vain to educate her by instructive reading, by taking her to church, and to galleries of art; she stops every sermon with kisses, plays round him like a kitten, delights in all that is gay and pretty, in fine dresses, jewels, and amusing sights, but has only the tiniest germ of a conscience, with a vast capacity of passionate love. This conception of feminine character is wrought out by the authoress with much dramatic force and skill, and with a strong flow of gentle humour, some touches of which are delightful. The story has so far been pleasant; but terrible revelations suddenly alter its complexion. All that George was led to believe of his wife's parentage and inheritance was an organised imposture. There is no Countess of Valdestillas; the real mother of Nouna is the infamous Chloris White, who has kept her child apart from the contamination and disgrace of her own life, and has practised this systematic deception to secure for Nouna a respectable position. It appears to us that this motive could have been sufficiently indicated, without making a person of that sort one of the conspicuous figures in the presence of the reader. George Lauriston, as a man of honour, instantly renounces the large income received from such a polluted source, and goes to take a situation in an American bank at Paris, where Nouna, like a good child, soon reconciles herself to the loss of riches. But there are more disclosures of painful secrets. The end of "Scheherazade" is a steam-yacht off Plymouth, carrying away George and Nouna, very happy, on a voyage to the South Seas. It is a pity that a story otherwise charming, often touching and pathetic, should be spoilt by the needless exhibition of the foulest blot on London life, which we hold to be an improper subject for romantic fiction.

Alexia. By Eleanor C. Price. One vol. (R. Bentley and Son).—Refinement and purity of feeling, quiet simplicity of style, and the grace of true womanliness, recommend this short story of domestic life. Alexia Page is a well-educated girl, the daughter of a gentleman farmer, who is tenant of the rather more aristocratic, but no longer wealthy, Melville family, represented now by the young Squire and his widowed lady mother. Charlie Melville, a younger son, has been in the Navy, before which he and Alexia were friends in childhood, and a mutual attachment grew up which was not then re-proved. But the death of his elder brother has made him responsible for ordering his life so as to preserve the estate; and Mrs. Melville considers it her duty, with the assent of Mr. Page, to ask the girl, for Charlie's welfare, to decline the expected engagement. This she does, with a severe struggle of heart, leaving Charlie to marry a Miss Radcliffe, who has money, but who proves an uncongenial wife for him. Later on, she accepts the hand of her cousin, an amiable and sentimental young clergyman, whom she cannot love quite so ardently as she did Charlie. On the very eve of their wedding-day, a fire breaks out at the Manor-house; all the neighbours run to help; and Alexia, being familiar with all the rooms, and desiring to save a certain case of stuffed humming-birds in which she and Charlie had once a joint interest, bravely enters, and goes up-stairs. She is in extreme peril of her life, but is rescued by Charlie, who has just arrived, and was not known to be in the house. Her marriage is postponed; she lies many weeks suffering from burns and from the shock; meantime, the death of Charlie's wife at Cannes, the friendship of the elder Mrs. Melville, who comes to appreciate the virtues of Alexia, and finally, her cousin's voluntary renunciation of the engagement, have enabled the heroine, without any departure from her promises, to recover the object of her first love. There is nothing to blame in all this; yet the effect of stories in which unhappy marriages, on either side, are to be speedily dissolved by the death of an undesirable wife or husband, leaving the field again open to the fulfilment of former hopes, may be seriously questioned. If such a theme is to be treated at all, it could not be done in a manner less objectionable than it is in this simple tale.

Old Blazer's Hero. By D. Christie Murray. One vol. (Chatto and Windus).—The concluding remarks in our notice of "Alexia" have an equal application to this story, the moral tendency of which is otherwise very good. "Old Blazer" is the name given by miners to a "fiery" coal-pit on the border of Warwickshire and Staffordshire. The hero, Edward Blane, is a young mining surveyor. He loves Mary Howarth, the daughter of a thriving builder; she, unhappily, throws herself away on Will Hackett, a showy, handsome, dissipated, spendthrift idler, who exercises his fine tenor voice for the amusement of an admiring audience at the public-house. A disaster of fire and flood at the coal-pit gives Blane the opportunity to perform a noble act of courage in saving life. The man whom he has rescued, Shadrach Randal, becomes his devoted adherent; this Shadrach, often called "the Bard," is such an original, untaught, simple-minded verse-maker as may be found among the mining folk, and his uncouth expressions of sentiment are amusing. Blane, giving way to desperation at the loss of his sweetheart, takes to drinking, but is struck with remorse when he sees his example dangerous to his humble follower, and they both resolve to be total abstainers, and both keep this good resolution. Mary Hackett suffers grievously from the misconduct of her worthless husband, who drinks, gambles, and speedily comes to ruin, then deserts her and goes to America, hiring himself out as a public singer. He returns, worse than ever, to seize the property left to her by the death of her father. Blane, whose conduct towards Mary has been that of an unselfish friend, has in vain tried manly remonstrances with Hackett, and is overwhelmed with sorrow at her fate. He nevertheless again risks his life to save Hackett from death by drowning among skaters on the ice. Providentially, however, the bad husband is drowned in spite of the good action of the faithful lover, who is rewarded at length with Mary's hand. This is a result not usually to be expected, and it does not seem wise to set it frequently before the minds of readers of fiction. But the story is well meant, well drawn, full of characteristic portraits, scenes, and incidents, and is the work of a clever and popular author.

An Old-World Story: Leaves from the Journal of Mistress Molly Deans (Elliot Stock).—This little family history of the time of the Civil Wars, supposed to be told by a Devonshire young woman, the foster-sister and companion of Lady Margaret Wortley, who died in 1654, is a thoughtful study of old English domestic life, and of individual characters, those of good and affectionate women, under the distressing experiences of that age. It belongs to the same class of writings as "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mrs. Milton," which gained much notice long ago, and which has been followed by several pleasing feminine authors in various portrayals of the aspect of private society during the troubled period of the seventeenth century. We do not think that either Wortley or Deans are old Devonshire names, but they may pass well enough in a tale which has no distinct local colouring. Lady Margaret's mother is a Royalist; but her brother, the young Lord, at the outbreak of the war in 1642, joins the Parliamentary army of Lord Essex, and is accompanied by his college friend Frank Tremaine, an earnest scholar and Puritan, son of the parish vicar. In the summer months before their departure, when the family and some guests are staying at the country house, a suitor comes for the hand of Lady Margaret, a nobleman of the King's party, who finds favour with the mother, but not with the daughter. She has bestowed her affections on Frank Tremaine. The two young men from Devonshire go to risk their lives in the cause of English constitutional liberties; at the battle of Edgehill, fought in October, Frank Tremaine is mortally wounded, and dies in a few days; the other young gentleman, Lady Margaret's brother, is killed in a skirmish with the King's troops on the road to London. The reception of the sad news, following the previous anxieties, and the manner in which Lady Margaret bears her grief, as described by her faithful companion, make the chief interest of the story. Lord Hastings, who had asked leave to pay his addresses to her, withdraws his suit, in an honourable spirit, when he understands her to be one of those women "who love but once." Eleven years later, as we suppose—though the date 1654 is omitted from the last entry, May 30, in Mistress Deans' journal—an old packet of papers, "yellowed with age," which had been mislaid, comes to hand, containing a farewell letter of Frank Tremaine to Lady Margaret, who receives the token of her lover's affection, and soon dies in peace. The only fault of this graceful and touching narrative is that of being too short.

A new building for the City of London Court, designed by Mr. Murray, is, the *City Press* says, to be erected by the Corporation, at a cost of nearly £14,000.

Part of the Suffield Park estate, belonging to Lord Suffield, comprising 142 plots of freehold building land, has been sold by Messrs. Baker and Sons, of Queen Victoria-street, for £400 per acre.